

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXV. No. 2144

London
July 29, 1942



COMFORT! JUST YOU TRY

JOHN
JAMESON

★ ★ ★ WHISKEY

Not a drop is sold till it's seven years old

McVITIE & PRICE

Biscuits of Highest Quality

ROSS'S

Soda Water

Try your whisky with Ross's Soda Water and
notice how pleasantly it leaves the glass.

Have no equal

Presta

MINERAL WATERS

Healthful and Invigorating

ASK FOR THEM BY NAME

For
sweet breath and
pearly teeth—
use

**Euthymol
TOOTH PASTE**

FROM ALL
CHEMISTS

**PALACE COURT
HOTEL**

★ Bournemouth's most Modern
Hotel. All Hotel Bedrooms
have private bathrooms en
suite. Dancing weekends. ★
Telephone in every room.

BOURNEMOUTH

Tel.: BOURNEMOUTH 7100

Bulmer's

CHAMPAGNE CIDER



BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI

MADE BY THE AUTHENTIC
CHAMPAGNE PROCESS . . .

*Obtainable at all the best
Hotels and Restaurants*



The Aristocrat of Tyres

—worth waiting for till victory

The Ministry of Supply says:—

OLD TYRES SAVE SHIPS FROM MINES

One of the numerous uses for which waste rubber is urgently needed is the production of de-gaussing equipment to protect our merchant ships from mines.

Motorists ! Help the nation to replace lost sources of rubber supplies by taking your old worn-out tyres to your local garage for consignment to official Government Depots. If this is not possible, put your tyres out with other rubber salvage for collection by your Local Authority.

AVON

THE AVON INDIA RUBBER CO. LTD. (ESTD. 1885) MELKSHAM, WILTS



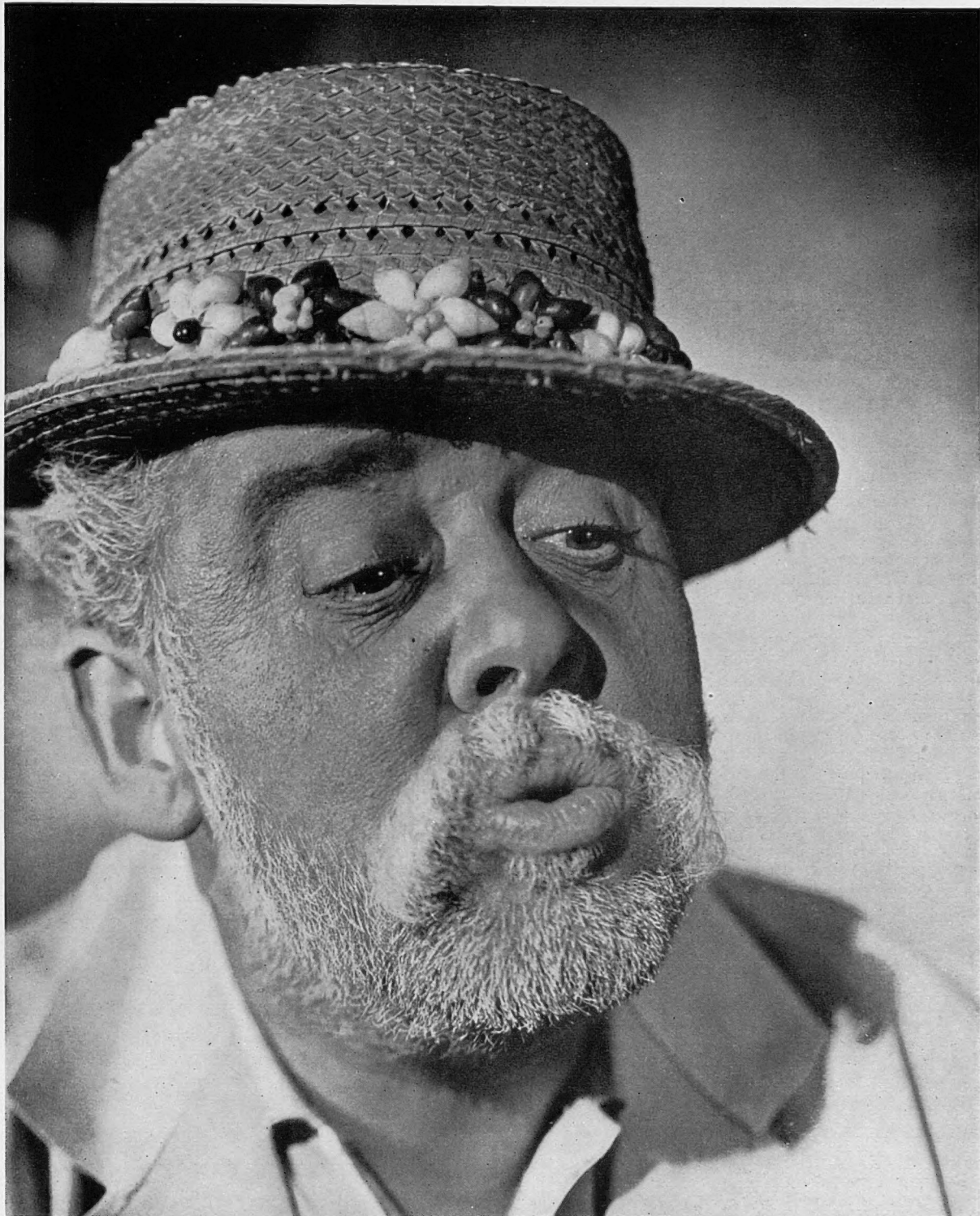
THE TATLER

LONDON
JULY 29, 1942

and BYSTANDER

Postage: Inland 2d Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

Price :
One Shilling and Sixpence
Vol. CLXV. No. 2144



Jonas Tuttle, Another Laughton Triumph of Impersonation

The Turtles of Tahiti, which has its London premiere on August 2, gives Charles Laughton another great character part. This fine British actor who has brought to life for present-day audiences such well-known figures of days gone by as Henry VIII, Mr. Barrett of Wimpole Street, Captain Bligh of "Bounty" fame, Mr. Pickwick, Ben Jonson and Rembrandt, now finds food for his art in fiction. As old Jonas Tuttle, improvident head of a happy-go-lucky Tahiti family, who proudly claims descent from an American sailor of an earlier century, Charles Laughton is at his brilliant best. The photograph above was awarded first prize in the Hollywood Studios' Annual Still Photography Show for the best character study of 1941-1942 by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

President's Assistant

THE appointment of Admiral Leahy as President Roosevelt's Chief of Staff is a matter of high importance. It means that President Roosevelt is going to pay even greater attention to the direction of war strategy. As it is, he has occupied himself with war details to a much greater degree than any previous President. But there has never been an office such as Admiral Leahy is going to occupy. In many respects it is similar to that filled by Brigadier General Hastings Ismay in Whitehall. He is the Prime Minister's representative on the Chiefs of Staffs Committee. He attends every meeting and when Mr. Churchill is not present reports to the Prime Minister. It is a very onerous post, calling for considerable knowledge as well as tact, for there is no secret that Chiefs of Staff do not always agree. I believe that General Ismay has done a good job as liaison between the Chiefs of Staff and the Prime Minister. It may be that Admiral Leahy will do the same for President Roosevelt and lift some of the burden of detail off his shoulders. He is a close friend of the President's, and was Chief of Naval Operations for two years up to 1939. He was then appointed Governor of Puerto Rico before Mr. Roosevelt sent him to Vichy as the United States ambassador.

World Strategy

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, sitting in the White House in Washington, is astride the world in relation to anti-Axis strategy. He is in a position to assess each move, whether it is made by the Germans or the Japanese, and in this capacity he is in his element. He has always looked at life in a big way, which fits in with his dynamic personality and his capacity for dramatisation. To him the war is a world

drama and should be presented to all people in this way. Had it been physically possible, President Roosevelt would have visited London more than once to repay Mr. Churchill for his journeys across the Atlantic. Because Mr. Roosevelt has not been able to do this he has sent his most confidential advisers to London from time to time. Several of them have been here lately discussing with Mr. Churchill the latest developments in Russia.

Right-hand Man

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has the warm, even affectionate, personality which attracts loyalty. People like to work for him, for he inspires them to a high degree. There's no standoffishness about Mr. Roosevelt's attitude towards those who work for him. They are his friends. One of his closest friends is Mr. Stephen Early, the White House Secretary. He handles all President Roosevelt's personal affairs, and also handles the newspaper correspondents who are stationed in the White House. Mr. Early has an arduous job and one which requires considerable gifts, for, unlike Whitehall methods, he is regularly quoted by newspapers in all parts of the world. He has to know what is in the President's mind before he can speak. The appointment of Admiral Leahy will doubtless relieve Mr. Early of a lot of work.

Significant Comment

THE German General Staff are not at all happy about the Russian campaign. It cannot—up to this stage—have gone as well as they anticipated; or there may be something else wrong. If this were not so, Lieut.-General Diethmar, the official war commentator, would not have been allowed to broadcast his warning recently to the German

people. He told them that the Battle of the Don had not been fully decided, and that heavy fighting would continue at Voronezh. He indicated that the good roads in the Soviet hinterland favoured the Russians. He also complained that the Russians did not join battle unless they were sure of results, and for this reason the German Army were not able to take a large number of prisoners or seize any great quantity of material. At the time it all sounded like a big excuse to cover up a failure. The same thing happened several times last winter. The German General Staff did not hesitate to let Germany know that things were not going too well. They didn't want to take the blame for the failure of the winter campaign. They put it fairly and squarely on other shoulders and in the end Hitler had to carry it. The same may be happening again. We cannot tell. It is a vast campaign. But against the Russian tactics of avoiding decisive action Hitler is gradually losing the energy of his drive. It is bound to be so, unless he has got greater reserves than we know. I well remember a prominent Russian militarist telling me at the beginning of the year that in the summer Hitler would advance far into Russia. He would stake everything on a knock-out campaign. But he would fail, and when the Russians recovered they would counter-attack and Hitler would spend his last winter in Russia in 1942-43.

Desert Tactics

THERE'S no doubt that General Auchinleck is now in his element. He keeps the initiative, and is imposing on Field-Marshal Rommel all the rules of textbook fighting. There's nothing spectacular; no mad rushes and no undue running of risks. Every move that General Auchinleck makes is cautious and not too ambitious. But each time in these last fourteen days he has secured his objective, and up to a few days ago at least 6,000 prisoners. On the other hand, Field-Marshal Rommel seems to be put off his stroke. His moves are not as confident nor as sweeping. So great has been the change in his tactics that correspondents at the front began to wonder if he had been wounded or removed by some other cause from control of the campaign. There may be another reason. His Chief of Staff is a



Stallholders at the Open Air Market in Belgrave Square

Lady Louis Mountbatten opened the Fair on behalf of the Red Cross and St. John War Organisation. Here she is with Sergeant Mary Churchill, A.T.S., and Mrs. Winston Churchill, who had a stall decked with Russian peasant dolls and gifts from the Solomon Isles. Mrs. Churchill also received many donations for her Aid to Russia fund



Lady Ebbisham and Lady Coxen sold objects of all sorts at their stand. Lady Ebbisham's husband, formerly Sir Rowland Blades, was Lord Mayor of London in 1926-7, and was for ten years M.P. for Epsom. Lady Coxen is the wife of Major Sir William Coxen, Bt., who was Lord Mayor of London during the first year of the war

prisoner in our hands. Some date the change of Rommel's tactics since this happened. We must wait and see, however, for proof of this. Meanwhile, the Army, Air Force, and Navy are co-operating in Egypt as never before. It is an indication of the virtues of combined command. We have waited a long time for the proof of this lesson. Let us hope that it is being thoroughly learned.

Spitfire Barrier

IF it had not been for the Hurricane and Spitfire, can any one tell what might have happened after the evacuation of Dunkirk? Could we have won the Battle of Britain; I doubt it very much. The handful of fighters which went into the air did more than we can ever know. They saved Britain. They also saved Soviet Russia. They made it possible for the United States of America to come into the War. These fighters kept open the gates of freedom until all the foes of Hitlerism could be mustered. The men responsible for the organisation of Britain's fighter force was Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding. He fought and won a battle for the eight-gun fighter long before the Battle of Britain took place. At the age of sixty he has now been placed on the retired list. It seems a pity that there is no work for such a man as this. His ability has been proved and surely there are not so many men of his experience that we can afford him to be idle. Admiral Leahy, who has just taken on the biggest job of his career, is sixty-seven.

Former Air Minister

AT sixty-four the Marquess of Londonderry becomes a squadron leader in the Reserve of Air Force Officers. He will undertake duties from time to time in the Service of which he was once the political head. As Secretary of State for Air in the National Government led by the late Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Lord Londonderry saw the beginning of the growth of Britain's Air Force. Few people know what a battle he had to get the Cabinet of those days to realise the menace of Hitler's air plans and the necessity that we should match them. He did not always win the fights in the War Cabinet. A stronger politician might have resigned, but we have had so few examples of this form of self-denial in the years since the last

war. We would have been better off had more Ministers stuck to their guns as did Mr. Anthony Eden in 1938 when the late Mr. Neville Chamberlain attempted to appease Mussolini; and when Mr. Duff Cooper resigned his post as First Lord of the Admiralty on the signing of the Munich pact. But there is talk in the Clubs at the moment that we might be getting some resignations from the War Cabinet. These will be concerned with personalities and not politics, if they happen, which I doubt.

New Vitality

THE B.B.C. have at last decided to ban crooners and to cut out "slushy songs." I wonder who can have been responsible for this reform, and, much more important, I wonder if it will really work. Who is going to decide? On the question of music I have never been able to understand why this valiant nation at war should not have been given more martial music. I believe that there should be bands in every town and city. Military bands would give the nation the sense of urgency and vitality, as well as a revival of essential patriotism. Our young people have been taught a lot of slushy things by slushy-minded leaders. There was a time when the London County Council banned Empire Day celebrations and refused to allow children to salute the Union Jack. The Russians have given us great lessons in patriotism and undying national spirit. Photographs and busts of Stalin abound throughout the country. I can never understand why school-teachers and education committees were allowed to get away with the Leftist ideas of all-embracing internationalism. It hasn't worked, as any robust man of normal common sense might have known. But I do hope that the B.B.C. in starting on their reform, will not go to the other extreme and make life a permanent Sunday afternoon concert.

In Memoriam

So Paddy Finucane has at last paid the price of his great courage and skill. His loss to the ordinary people of this country is indescribable. The announcement of his death came as a profound shock in all manner of homes. Here was a man—only twenty-one—who had done so much to keep Britain free from the invader. His record of achievements made one feel that he was a much older man.



Chief of Staff to President Roosevelt

Admiral William Leahy, now Chief of Staff to the C.-in-C. of U.S. Armed Forces, is the man mainly responsible for America's naval rearmament. Until last May Ambassador to Vichy France, he previously held many important naval posts. The admiral's son is at present on duty at the U.S. Embassy in London.

Of course, he was. He had seen so much and done so much in so short a time. The world does well to recognise the merit of this young man's character. He has set an example of heroism which should never be allowed to grow dim, for now and in the days to come Britain and the Empire will need men like Paddy Finucane.



Hawking Their Wares In Aid of Red Cross and St. John Funds

Cabbage or cauliflower? Take your choice. These and other vegetables were offered for sale by Lady Alexandra Metcalfe. She is the wife of Major "Fruity" Metcalfe, and a daughter of the late Lord Curzon of Kedleston

Lady Irene Crawford looked anxiously round, when her stock was getting low, for one more victim to buy her last packets of cigarettes. She is Lord Camden's elder daughter, and married Mr. Charles Crawford in 1937

"I can highly recommend this," said Mrs. Cecil Pim to hesitating buyers, offering a well-known brand of night-starvation cure. She certainly looks the picture of health herself, and did some very good business in a good cause

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Too English

By James Agate

IT was the final of the men's foursomes at a well-known golf club in the heart of Bucks. My partner, a brilliant surgeon, had only to hole a ten-inch putt to give us the cup. He made a nervous jab at it, and struck the ground an inch behind the ball. He said: "Partner, why don't you curse me?" I said: "I'm too busy wondering why, this morning I trusted you with my secretary's appendix."

Just before the war I went to consult a doctor friend of mine who used to hang out in Harley Street. Looking at me from over the massive silver inkstand and between the massive silver candlesticks, he said: "I'm very glad to see you old boy—perhaps you can tell me of something to cure my filthy cold!"

IN a famous passage Hamlet says to Osric: "The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?" Why have I dragged in the surgeon and the doctor? For this reason. It is the greatest possible mistake to be on friendly terms with your medical, legal or spiritual advisers. Why should I entrust a complicated lawsuit to a duffer who doesn't know hearts from clubs? Why should I believe some stuff about hell drooled out by a parson who doesn't know his way about the Underground and invariably mistakes the Bakerloo for the Inner Circle?

NOW apply this to films. Take the cast of *Uncensored* (Leicester Square). The hero is Mr. Eric Portman. Now Eric is a friend of mine. And a very witty friend with a knack of telling good stories against himself. He tells one of Mrs. Patrick Campbell who, when he first toured with her, used to say: "Mr. Portman, you are a promising young actor. Mr. Portman, you are carrying out your promise. Mr. Portman, you are a genius!" Then, one evening after a performance, he committed the indiscretion of disagreeing with the great actress about some stage business. Next day

she said, very stiffly and formally: "Mr. John Gabriel Porkman, I believe? How do you do, Mr. Porkman?" And for the rest of the tour she always alluded to him as Mr. Porkman.

THE villain of this film is Peter Glenville, son of Shaun Glenville and Dorothy Ward. Peter too, is a friend of mine. I remember receiving an invitation from him to propose the toast of the drama at the O.U.D.S. supper after the last night of his *Hamlet*. Then followed this delicious postscript: "I hope you liked mama's panto."

AND here am I supposed to sit in a picture-house and accept these two friends as young Belgians undergoing the strain and stress of their country's invasion. I just don't believe it. I don't believe that the handsome young hero with the flashing eye is Emile, or Louis, or whatever the name is. I just know that it is Mr. John Gabriel Porkman. Nor do I believe that the cringing villain is anybody else but the popular and improving young actor who has told me so many good stories in accents subtly compounded of Hamlet and some other principal boy, South Kensington and North Oxford.

EVEN when I am not upset by the personal equation the British nature of British films stands out for me like a bull's-eye on a target. Someone once asked Bertram Mills how he managed to tour the world from China to Peru in search of artists for his circus without knowing a single word of any language but his own. He replied: "As soon as I get abroad I stand still, look British, and shout." Which seems to me to be a perfect definition of British film-acting.

There is one superb performance in the piece. This comes from the German bully's aide-de-camp. I don't believe in the German bully for a moment, since I recognise in him

that delightful English actor Raymond Lovell. Whereas I have never seen the other man, who in addition gives me the impression of speaking English as a German speaks it. Indeed, I suspect a refugee. But refugee or not, the performance is convincing.

My advice to any British film company making these foreign films is to get foreigners to make them. The answer, I suppose, is that foreign names will not be a draw. This is no concern of mine. I am only concerned with whether *Uncensored* is a good film or not. I think it is probably as good as it can be, given the employment of English actors. But I can no more take the people in it to be Belgian than I should take young Belgians for Englishmen who had just scored a century at Lord's.

HAVING written film criticism for some fifteen years or so, I suppose I ought to know what a Quota film is. I don't. All I know is that a Quota film is generally a bad film, and I find myself wondering whether there is a person called Quota who makes these bad films, just as there is a Korda who makes the good ones.

Then again, does America have Quota films? I saw what I took to be a Quota film the other evening when I went to have another look at *Broadway*. The supporting film was called *This Woman is Mine*. It was a bad film, but so bad that its very badness made it enthralling. The action was set in the wiggly part of American history, and showed us the first beginnings of a fort at Fort Oregon. The whole was an astonishing mixture of the Mutiny on the "Bounty," anystory by Fenimore Cooper, and all those films in which stowaways on being discovered are forced to take up the job of cabin-boy, whereupon they turn out to be young ladies of gentle birth. To these must be added a touch of Somerset Maugham's *Rain*, in the person of the Scotch captain of the blood ship.

The cast was composed of actors well known to me, although Nigel Bruce was the only one I could name. The poster outside announced Franchot Tone, and I suppose I must have seen Mr. Tone. From which I conclude that Mr. Tone was either the sanctimonious young gent who reminded me of Leslie Howard, or the romantic scoundrel who looked like Clark Gable. You see, I do not know more than, say a dozen film actors by sight, and Mr. Tone is not one of them.



Left: Young Simon Olivier photographed with his mother, Jill Esmond (who also has a part in the film), is making his screen debut in "Eagle Squadron." He is Laurence Olivier's son



Right: Gloria Warren, a new entry in the Deanna Durbin field, plays with Kay Francis and Walter Huston in "Always in My Heart." She is seen with Walter Huston

Five Years Old Simon Olivier Appears in "Eagle Squadron"

Fifteen Years Old Gloria Warren Sings to Her Convict Father in "Always in My Heart"

Eagle Squadron

Dedicated to the American
Fighter Pilots of the R.A.F.



Paddy's cousin, Anne Partridge (Diana Barrymore), has been assigned to wireless operations at the Eagle Field. She falls in love with Chuck Brewer (Robert Stack) but refuses to marry him till after the war

Grim adventures are experienced by the young Americans (Chuck and Anne) when they spend a day's leave in the country. They are forced to shelter from enemy machine-gunning under a lorry loaded with hay, with children evacuated from the big cities



Arrived in Britain, the Yank recruits, under their commanders, Squadron Leader Paddy Carson (John Loder) and Hank Starr (Jon Hall) find they have been allocated important duties. They are to get, intact, one of the new German Leopard planes needed for Air Ministry research purposes

With a foreword written and spoken by Quentin Reynolds, *Eagle Squadron* which is to have a gala premiere at the Leicester Square Theatre in aid of the Air Training Corps Welfare Fund, tells the story of those young American pilots who came over to this country to join the R.A.F. long before their own country was involved in war. Produced by Walter Wanger with the co-operation of the R.A.F. and M.O.I., many thousands of feet of the film were taken actually in the war zone. In it Diana Barrymore, daughter of the late John Barrymore and his second wife, Michael Strange, the poetess, has her first important role, co-starring with Robert Stack, and young Simon Olivier, five-year-old son of Laurence Olivier and his first wife, Jill Esmond, makes his first screen appearance



Covered by a commando raid on an aerodrome in Occupied France, Chuck Brewer and Paddy Carson together manage to get hold of a German Leopard plane. Carson gives his life protecting Brewer, but Brewer succeeds in getting away after a terrific air battle. He reaches England safely and finds Anne waiting for him, her mind changed about waiting till after the war (Robert Stack, John Loder)

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Salt of the Earth (Vaudeville)

TOPICAL history is as susceptible to fabulous treatment as that which is more remote. It depends on the historian. Mr. Michael Egan, the author of this busy little play, is too keen a dramatist to be fussy about speculative data or embarrassed by niceties of chronology. Nor is he a stickler for mere chapter and verse, but selects his material and goes ahead. Not that he would necessarily be stumped for lack of authorities, though some might be cited from the popular Press, while others were viva voce. Where chronology would be unaccommodating, and the scene too insular, he does what other good dramatists have done before him, and cooks time and place to nourish his plot.

The title of his play is ironic. It refers, not to the brave French farmers who, in the course of the play's nine scenes, refuse to be mastered by fate, but to the German instruments chosen by fate to afflict them. The setting is the living-room of a prosperous farmhouse in Normandy, the time just before the fall of France, the action a telescoped version of events during the first sixteen months of the German occupation.

THE play opens with deliberation. Time, place and situation have to be established, and a plausible compromise arrived at between the various nationals concerned, all of whom, for obvious reasons, must speak a common language we can understand. But once these preliminaries are settled, it is up and away, hell for leather, narratively speaking, with comedy jostling tragedy, brutal threats countered by heroic cunning, smiles shining through tears, and all the tricks of the theatre trade following like the field at a popular hunt. The pace may be hot, the going less than classical, but the run is exhilarating.

In potting such eventful history and humanising its actors, Mr. Egan selects salient episodes and employs broad rather than niggling characterisation. His dialogue pays, so to speak, only peppercorn royalties to its

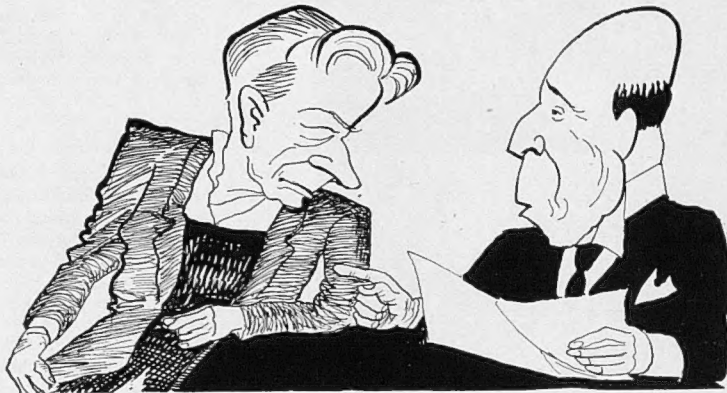
French and German originals; and the speakers would seem neither more nor less indigenous in the parish of, say the Vicar of Wakefield, than in this presumed corner of Normandy.

With these familiar conventions we have no quarrel. They do not trammel the actors nor embarrass the plot, but enable a "do not" (instead of a "don't") to go as far in the direction of idiomatic compromise as a sou in the hands of Madame Bourdin, the farmer's wife, goes in the direction of domestic economy.

Poor Madame Bourdin! The collapse of France, as such, troubles her less immediately than its local repercussions and the personal hardships that ensue. Her domestic economy is upset. In her obstinate old father,



Above: Grandpere doesn't like the news. His daughter, Jeanette, is more worried about her house-keeping money (Milton Rosmer, Louise Hampton)



Sketches by
Tom Tilt

Left: M. Salandier, French civil servant, is suspected by Pierre of quising intentions (Tristan Rawson, Alan Howland)

hard-working husband, and impulsive son burns the unquenchable flame of patriotism that threatens them with pitiless reprisals.

The troubles accumulate. Two rattling quislings from Paris, fleeing from the wrath to come, cajole board and lodging out of her until such time as they can follow their francs to America. German soldiers are quartered on her for rations but not discipline. The

farm stock is shamelessly requisitioned. German surveillance is tyrannous, and a wounded British airman, whom her daughter soon loves, has to be concealed despite blackmail by the fugitive quislings. Thus her head and heart and hands are more than full.

To retrace in detail the spate of ills that threaten to engulf this heroic little outpost would be to render tedious a story whose prime purpose it is to avoid tedium. Sufficient perhaps to say that horrors accumulate, treachery all but triumphs, young love blossoms, and sterling character tells; and that, in the end, villainy meets with some of its deserts, and virtue is not wholly unrewarded.

STICKLERS may feel that the plot is thickened by more incidents per scene than any but so generous a dramatist as Mr. Egan would furnish or so accommodating a farm-house contain. The play's warm sentiments and histrionic shifts are not for them, but for less pernicky playgoers; those happy adventurers for whom the rise of the curtain is an "Open Sesame," and the footlights still shed that light that never was on sea or land, but only on fields of romance or the sea-coast of Bohemia.

The acting of the company, led by Miss Louise Hampton and Mr. Milton Rosmer, is suitably firm. The cast includes young and experienced experts as well as some refugee guests, who warm their impersonations of real enemies with convincing histrionic fire. Moreover, there is a Red Cross nurse, whose brief appearance in faultless clinical regalia is a triumph of starched sartorial chic over the unlaundered odds of war.



The two rattling quislings from Paris plan their getaway on false identity cards (Marjorie Mars, George Howe)



German soldiers suspect Louise of harbouring an Englishman (Eric Albury, Leueen MacGrath, James Donald)



John Vickers

Mary Newcomb in an Ashley Dukes Revival

The Man With a Load of Mischief is to be revived at the Mercury Theatre, Notting Hill Gate, on August 5th. Mary Newcomb, making her first appearance on the London stage since war began, is to appear as the Lady. Since 1939, Mary Newcomb, with her own company (known as The Mary Newcomb Players), has been entertaining troops in Southern Command. Such plays as *Gas Light*, *French Leave*, *Jealousy* (the play in which Mary Newcomb, an American, made her London debut at the Fortune in 1928) and *The Man With a Load of Mischief* have already been presented. With her return to London, she hopes to raise funds to continue the good work. Ashley Dukes is giving the Mercury Theatre rent free and is waiving his royalties; and Miss Newcomb is hoping to enlist further private subscriptions for her Players, who already have the patronage of the Duchess of Beaufort, the Countess of Ilchester, the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Earl of Cromer, the Lord Bishop of Salisbury and Lady Digby. An interesting point about the present revival is that the Mercury Theatre was purchased by Ashley Dukes out of money made by him with *The Man With a Load of Mischief*, which was first presented at the Haymarket Theatre in 1925



Dining Out in Town

The Hon. Mrs. Edward Ward and Mr. P. Laing were dining one night at the Lansdowne. Mrs. Ward is the wife of the elder of Lord Dudley's twin brothers, and is a daughter of the Hon. Charles Winn



At a Wedding Party

Swabe

At the May Fair these five cheerful people were celebrating the wedding of Squadron Leader John Neutleton and Miss Betty Havelock. They are Mr. E. R. Yates, Scots Guards, A/S/O. E. Douglas-Hamilton, Pilot Officer C. W. Brodigan, A/S/O. V. Dallington and Flight Lieut. W. Bamber, R.A.F.

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Old Acquaintance

AMONG the tours which their Majesties have made lately was one to the great Central Ordnance Depot, which supplies all our armies in the field. There they found a pleasant surprise awaiting them, for they met an old friend, Lord Coke, son and heir of the Earl of Leicester, who is now a Captain in the Scots Guards and A.D.C. to the Army Commander accompanying them on their inspection. The King and Queen have not seen Lord Coke for a long time, for he has only recently returned from the Middle East, after a serious bout of malaria. He was Equerry to their Majesties from 1934 to 1936, when they were Duke and Duchess of York, and he also acted as their private secretary for some part of the time. His wife, the former Lady Elizabeth Yorke, is the daughter of the eighth Earl of Hardwicke. They have two little daughters, Anne Veronica and Carey Elizabeth, now aged ten and eight.

"Grace and Favour" Residences

THE suite of rooms which the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood are taking over at St. James's Palace as a temporary home in London is a small apartment in the Palace itself. Like the larger houses, it is in the gift of the King as a "grace and favour" residence. Sir Alexander Harding, his Majesty's private secretary, Colonel the Hon. Sir Piers Legh, Master of the Household, and other Court officials occupy most of the bigger houses, and the smaller ones are given to minor officials and others who have some special claim to royal favour. But this is the first time a member of the Royal Family has been given one of the small suites. The arrangement is ideal for the Princess Royal, for she and Lord Harewood are rare visitors to London, and when they do come up for some special occasion it is never very long before they are off again to their much-loved Yorkshire.

Good News for Inverness-shire

LOCHIEL (otherwise Colonel Sir Donald Cameron, Chief of the Clan Cameron) was overjoyed at the news received a short time ago that his second son, Major Allan Cameron, of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, who had been missing since the middle of June, is safe as a prisoner of war.

Lochiel is one of the big clan chieftains properly entitled to be addressed by their territorial title, and up at Achnacarry, his lovely place at Spean Bridge, Inverness-shire, dour

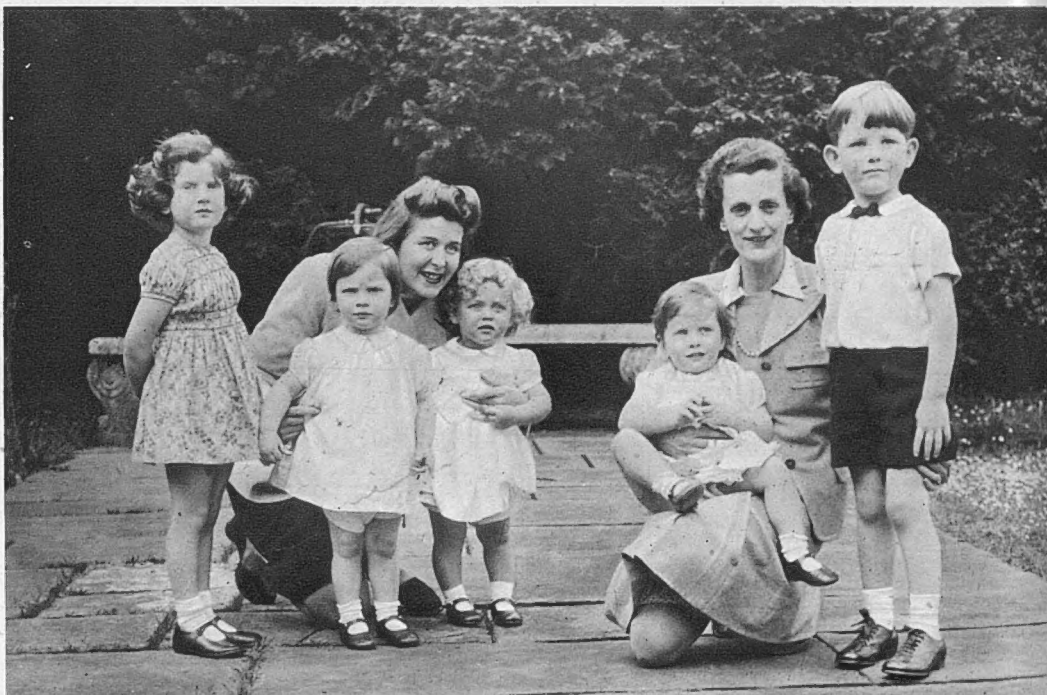
looks can be expected if enquiries are made for "Sir Donald." "Och! it's Lochiel you'll be wanting," is what the clansmen say. And if they tell you that "herself" is with him, it is Lady Hermione Cameron, the chieftain's wife, to whom they are referring. At sixty-six Lochiel is still a famous shot who can enjoy a long day's stalk on the mountains of the West Highlands with anyone. All three of his sons, Donald, Allan and Charles, are serving with the Army. "Herself" is a daughter of the fifth Duke of Montrose; Lady Helen Graham, who has been Lady-in-waiting to the Queen for a number of years, is her sister.

Information Centre

THERE was a very crowded reception at the English Speaking Union for the opening of the Information Centre for Americans in Great Britain.

Mrs. John Bigelow Dodge, who is liaison Officer between the E.S.U. and all Americans here, works there for long hours every day, personally arranging hospitality, sight-seeing, or whatever is wanted, giving advice, and answering questions. Great pains are taken to suit individual tastes. For instance, the voluntary hostesses and their prospective guests on leave are both personally known to the Centre, so that people likeliest to get on, with tastes in common, can be brought together, and sight-seeing is made more interesting by special privileges conceded to the Centre, and the avoidance of mass expeditions, so that the individual and personal angle is maintained in everything, very valuable to strangers in a strange country. Although last week was the official opening, the work has been going on, gradually expanding of its own accord, for the

(Continued on page 138)



Clapperton, Selkirk

Four Small Scotts With Their Mothers and a Cousin

In this group are Lady George Scott and Lady William Scott, sisters-in-law of the Duchess of Gloucester and of the Duke of Buccleuch, with their children and their nephew. Margaret (on the left) is Lady William's eldest daughter, and Rosemary and Frances are her twin sisters; Georgina (in the centre) is Lady George's little girl, and Charles Dawnay is the son of Lady Angela Dawnay, youngest sister of the Duchess of Gloucester



Eric Ager

A New Picture of the Duchess of Gloucester and Prince William

The Duchess of Gloucester is one of the most energetic members of our hard-worked Royal Family, but this picture shows her in one of her leisure moments with her baby son. Prince William is now seven months old, and already shows a striking resemblance to the Duke of Gloucester, who has not seen his son for several months. The Duke left England in April to make an extensive tour of the Middle East, and later went to India, bearing a personal message from the King which he broadcast to the people of India on his arrival in New Delhi. Prince William, besides being fourth in direct succession to the Throne, is on his mother's side a descendant of King Charles II., through the Duke of Monmouth, Charles's son, who married Anne, Countess of Buccleuch in her own right, in 1663.

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

last six months. There has been generous monetary response too; the hospital fund appeal raised £1600 in one month. Others on the regular staff besides Mrs. Dodge are Mrs. Raymonde Crawley and Mrs. Vincent Biscoe.

People at Reception

At the reception Mrs. Winant made a speech to open the Centre, and, with the Mayor and Mayoress of Westminster, received the guests, who included Mrs. Winston Churchill; Mrs. Anthony Eden; Lady Astor, very pleased to see the U.S. officers with whom she was joking; Mr. Brendan Bracken, standing, at one moment, on the edge of the crowd, looking on; the Dowager Lady Swaythling, who works so hard for the amalgamated Red Cross and St. John Ambulance organisation; the High Commissioner for Australia and Mrs. S. M. Bruce; Mr. Glenn Abbey, the American Consul-General; Brigadier General Robert A. McClure, American Military Attaché; Rear-Admiral A. G. Kirk, American Naval Attaché; Mr. H. Freeman Matthews, Captain Charles Austin, Lieut.-Commander T. B. Kettridge, Lieut.-Col. Eric Bradley, Lieut.-Col. C. B. Daugherty, all American; Lord and Lady Ebbisham, Miss Caroline Haslett, C.B.E., and many other interesting and distinguished people in the Diplomatic Services, Parliament, and Ministries.

South African Tea Party

APPARENTLY it is customary in South Africa to have tea parties in the mornings, and the High Commissioner and Mrs. Waterson gave one over here at South Africa House one morning, but, although it was called "tea party," coffee was drunk owing to the tea shortage. The gathering was in honour of Major Ponsford, who has been in charge of the South African T.O.C. and Y.M.C.A. units out in Libya and Tobruk. Among people who met him, besides many members of the South African Forces, were Lord Nuffield and Mr. Rickards, M.P., whose wife is a voluntary worker at South Africa House. A fellow-worker is Mrs. Bruce Belfrage, wife of the B.B.C. announcer; she gives gardening talks over the air herself. Major Ponsford spoke, and is to tour the country speaking for the Ministry of Information. I was told, but not for publication, the number of South African personnel now being looked after: it is three times as many as a year ago.

Gallery Panorama

At 3 p.m. on August 6th, H.E. the Polish Ambassador will open an exhibition of pictures from the Russian front by Feliks Topolski, the



The Opening of the Queensberry All-Services Club

The All-Services Club, of which Lord Queensberry is the governing director, was opened on July 19th. It is for the use of the Forces and of civilians engaged in war work. Above is Lady Queensberry with Mr. J. P. Blake, chairman of the L.C.C., at the opening

Mrs. Archie Campbell, Wing Commander H. Tiarks and Lord Middleton were there on the opening night. Boxing, dancing, billiards and table tennis are amongst the club's amenities, and members' subscriptions range from 6d. to 2s. 6d. yearly

official Polish war artist. The exhibition will be open for a fortnight at Agnew's Galleries in Old Bond Street, and it is being organised by Dr. Borenus, of the Polish Relief Fund, Lady George Cholmondeley, the chairman of Poland's Armed Forces Comforts Fund, and the British Committee for Polish Welfare, of which Colonel Mitchell, M.P., is chairman.

At the Leicester Galleries is the summer exhibition of paintings, drawings and sculpture by "artists of fame and promise." These include Matisse, Sickert and Epstein, Sir William Nicholson, his son Ben Nicholson, who contributes an abstract and some outlines of Cornish cottages and coast; a couple of Henry Moore's unvarying figures, like dressmakers' dummies, surprisingly limbed, with faceless heads; a stone carving by him, implicit with brutish, dumb despair; a self-portrait by Philip Steegman, a Matthew Smith, and a Salvador Dali composition which includes a surprisingly Burne-Jones face.

Garden Fête at Euston

THE Duke of Grafton lent Euston Hall grounds for a fête in aid of the churches of Euston, Barnham and Fakenham. The Duke and Duchess, Mr. Hudson, Minister of Agriculture, and the Rector, the Rev. E. N. Davies, were at the opening.

There was a large crowd, and many stalls and side-shows, including tug-of-war and cricket, in charge of Mr. J. Wortley, Jr.; spinning-wheel, Mrs. Brothers and Miss Woods; rolling horse, Mr. Herrivan; treasure hunt, Mrs. E. N.

Needham Davies; and table tennis, Mrs. Shropshire. There were teas and refreshments, and dancing in the evening to a regimental band. Over £90 was raised.

Another Good-Cause Party

SIR GRAHAM and the Misses Greene lent the beautiful grounds of Harston House, near Cambridge, for a successful garden party organised by the Women's Institute in aid of the Harston and District Nursing Association.

There was a very good attendance, and the usual stalls, side-shows, teas and competitions were all freely indulged in by the crowd. Miss Greene gave an interesting talk on herbs and their uses, important in these days, when all supplies are limited and people must learn to make things themselves.

Mrs. Kalstron proposed a vote of thanks to Miss Greene for her talk, and also to Sir Graham and the Misses Greene for the loan of their garden. Three plays were performed by Council school-children.

W.I. Garden Party

LADY RAYLEIGH entertained members of the Women's Institute in the gardens of Terling Place, and a scheme for the planning of homes after the war was enthusiastically discussed. A display of needlework and bead bags, collected by Lady Rayleigh on her travels in many lands, aroused much interest, too, and the hostess personally conducted the party round the grounds.

(Concluded on page 152)



Sir Archibald Sinclair of Ulster looked happy to be the father of so charming a bride when he talked to Air Marshal Harold Edwards, Chief of the R.C.A.F. Overseas, at the reception



Four young guests at the reception, preparing ammunition for throwing later at the bride and bridegroom, were Captain David Wills, Mr. Robert Wills, Mr. Sandy MacKenzie and Miss Gillian Muford



Mrs. Roderic Thesiger and Lady Angela St. Clair-Erskine were at the reception. Mrs. Thesiger was Mary Rose Charteris, and is a cousin of the Earl of Wemyss

The Reception at the Dorchester After the Wedding of



A Christening at Westminster Abbey

Susan Kathleen Dorothy Koppel was christened at Westminster Abbey a short time ago. She is the first child of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. John P. Koppel, who were married in 1939. Mrs. Koppel is Lord St. Levan's elder daughter



Swabe

The Christening of Captain and Mrs. W. de Knoop's Son

Adrian Jersey de Knoop, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred de Knoop, was christened at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on July 20th. In this picture, taken after the ceremony, are Mrs. Van der Byl, Mr. Jack Armstrong, Miss Peggy de Knoop, Captain and Mrs. de Knoop and the baby, and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Ward, godparent by proxy for her husband, the B.B.C. war correspondent taken prisoner in Libya last November



Another Christening Party in London

Sarah Jack Paley Johnson, Major and Mrs. Paley Johnson's baby daughter, was christened at St. Faith's Chapel, Westminster Abbey. Her father, who is serving abroad in the Royal Artillery, has not yet seen his daughter. Mrs. Paley Johnson, formerly Jasmine Bligh, of television fame, is seen holding her daughter, and Mrs. Hugh Williams (in a light suit) was godmother. Major R. N. Brinckman (right) was godfather

Three Christenings and a Wedding



Sir Archibald Sinclair's Daughter and Captain A. M. Lyle

Lord Stansgate, Director of Public Relations at the Air Ministry, was with Lady Jowett and Miss P. Jowett, wife and daughter of Sir William Jowett, the Paymaster-General. Lord Stansgate, formerly Mr. William Wedgwood Benn, received a Viscounty in New Year's Honours

Captain Archibald Michael Lyle, The Black Watch, youngest son of Sir Archibald and Lady Lyle, of Glendelvine, Perthshire, and Miss Elizabeth Sinclair, younger daughter of Sir Archibald and Lady Sinclair of Ulbster, were married on July 18th in the Crypt of the House of Commons

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

A CITIZEN of Ahmadabad in the Bombay Presidency has just died at the age of 135 (Reuter), and we deduce that Uncle Reuter, who has not sprung a super-centenarian Turk on us for some time, has been asking himself savagely of late if the big hamfaced public really care. No? Eh? *All right, then.* They will, the flopeared dopes.

For this aged citizen of Ahmadabad ("ahmadabad and sad it was, but then, again, how sweet!" as Browning said to the shy Lucknow stomach-dancer) was famous, Reuter adds, for his reminiscences of the Indian Mutiny, 1857. In other words, a tireless raconteur on a single topic for some 85 years, which makes the whole story darker and lifts it at once into the Poe or terror class. A succession of loud, shrill screams bursting suddenly from the throat of Fortunato gave his murderer temporary willies. That's the state old Edgar Allan Reuter is trying to get the Race into, if you ask us.

Footnote

THERE'S a member of a club we know who closely resembled this aged raconteur (or may be the same one). Anyhow we helped ourselves to brick him up in the wine-vaults in 1935, and now the Wine Committee are screaming louder than Fortunato because they can't get at the last of the Amontillado. There's always something.

Arcadiana

THOSE smockfroked hobnailed ghosts and dim brayings which haunt Portman Square on a dusky summer evening, we are reminded by Lord Portman's death, belong to the old Portman farmhouse which stood there up to a century ago. The Portmans bought the farm to keep donkeys for asses' milk for an ailing member of the family. All the Marble Arch district was pure Arcadia in the eighteenth century, or anyway Arcadia.

The last Hyde Park milkmaid and her cow vanished a little earlier, unless we err; there wasn't much public demand for a refreshing swig when those amusing Tyburn executions were abolished and the citizenry were forced to troop for free entertainment to Bedlam at the other end of town. But right into Victoria's reign the Edgware Road became swiftly rural, and admirers of Mr. Sponge will recollect that an odious kind of half-Cockney rustic inhabited this countryside and throve on horsey mugs. What charms us infinitely more is the spectacle of May Fair in William and Mary's time, full of poultry and cows. Also showmen and crooks. Also trollops, wantons, trulls, mop-sies, drabs, baggages, sluts, minxes, haridans and doxies. How that quarter has changed! You'll hardly find a single chicken in Mayfair to-day.



Afterthought

AND Bloomsbury was once full of strange misshapen hairy gibbering shapes slinking down at nightfall to drink at the Hole Bourne ford, where Charlotte Street now is. Time, Time, what a restless old tease you are!

Addenda

OUR comrades and soulmates the Fleet Street boys have not yet corrected those July 14 dithyrambs of theirs over the fall of the Bastille, in which we counted every known legend and cliché discarded by the educated French long ago. This seems to us a pity, for we love the boys.

They might have added, for example, that the crowd which attacked the Bastille was nearly half German, as Marat noted (the Faubourg-St. Antoine was full of foreigners); and composed equally of what Mirabeau called the worst rascals and brigands in Paris. Also that the Bastille was defended by a few ancient cannon which had not been fired for a hundred years; and garrisoned by thirty Swiss and ninety-six doddering pensioners; that the governor, De Launay, at first smilingly offered to remove the cannon and invited the delegates of the crowd to lunch; and that after hours of aimless milling round and shouting by the mob De Launay pulled up the bridge, they rushed the place, some soldiers turned up, De Launay gave in, and everybody inside was massacred except the only prisoners they found, four foreigners and two lunatics, who were carried round Paris in triumph. Not quite such a glorious popular victory as the coloured pictures show, in fact.

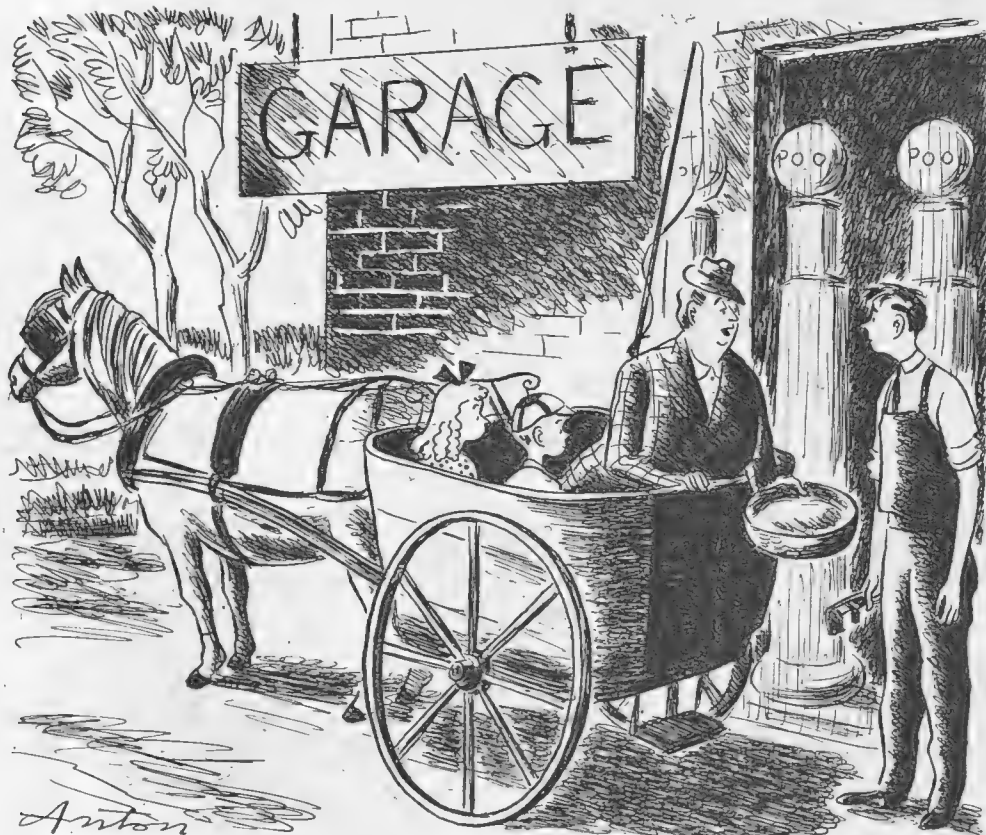
Many high-coloured dramas in history have a disconcerting and often ironic and even comic side when you look into them. Maybe it's wiser not to.

Rite

DISAPPOINTINGLY, an expert who has announced triumphantly that it has taken a recent Act of Parliament to abolish the final button on the Race's waistcoat didn't explain why this sacred button could never be worn fastened, except by utter cads.

Whether it was a safety-precaution we strongly doubt. In those wellknown eighteenth-century prints of young Mr. Edward Bright, of Maldon (Essex), who weighed 45 stone, the last 25 buttons or so of his nobly convex waistcoat are obviously left unfastened lest young Mr. Bright should burst and blow Maldon (Essex) skyhigh.

(Concluded on page 142)



"Just mix one coupon's-worth with these oats
and give them to the horse"



Racing Reunion on the July Course by "The Tout"

Mr. A. E. Allnatt, who created a sensation in the racing world by buying the whole of the late Lord Glanely's racing stud, is one of Joe Lawson's principal owners at Manton. He has entered Ujji and Shahpoor in the last Classic—the St. Leger, to be run on September 12th. When R.A.F. duties permit, Tommy Lowrey turns up to ride winners on the Heath. He is one of Newmarket's front-rank jockeys. Brigadier-General A. J. Turner manages the Lavington Stud for Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan, who won the Gold Cup with Owen Tudor. Major L. B. Holliday, Master of the Badsworth, has several tip-top two-year-olds with R. W. Colling at Newmarket, the crack filly Nearly being one of them. "Skipper" Ward is breezy Sir Melville Ward. Though a rare visitor these days, no peacetime meeting was complete without "Skipper." Mr. J. A. Hirst, whose colours were carried in the Derby by Argon and Cavendish, owns a successful stud in the Cotswolds called Sizencote

Standing By ...

(Continued)

One single unfastened button would never protect anybody. Our feeling is that this button-fetish is a fertility-rite, like cricket and philately and the Primrose League. Sedulously to observe a fertility-rite while simultaneously practising intensive race-suicide would be just one more of those manifestations of the *morbus britannicus* in which Cloud-Cuckoo Land excels, and which charm us perpetually.

Warning

YOU needn't trouble to write and tell us it's just an Etonian custom peculiar to "Pop," "Pop" itself being the Island equivalent of the Spring corn-dance and boiled-dog feast of the Iroquois Nation. Or so Frazer, or maybe Fowler (*Modern English Usage* Fowler) told Myra, who would never have breathed a word about it to Mumsie if Dusty hadn't been so awful about Stinker.

Bouquet

THAT decorated Bronze Age beaker found recently in a gravel-pit near Colchester confirms our growing conviction that the Island Race was nicer to know in the Bronze Age than it is now. Only people who know the art of drinking, drink out of decorative vessels made by craftsmen.

This theory of ours is in deadly opposition, we realise, to the theory of the Island Race, which regards itself as the final flower of civilisation and humanity's last word in grace, charm, beauty, and brains, and its bowler hats as perfection. Our feeling is that the Bronze Age man devoted less time to self-worship and didn't have that silly glazed look, due to cricket. He was modest, sincere, nice-minded, good-looking in a rugged way, free from popular pseudo-scientific *poncifs* and poohbah, and ready to help everybody to be as good and useful as he. Professor Joad seems to us essentially

a Bronze Age type. Also Messrs. Heinemann (Ltd.), at one time our publishers, whose supremacy has been challenged only once, as the poem so dramatically records:

O, do you know a finer man
(They cried) than Mr. Heinemann?
"And Mr. Bles
Said "Yes."

Another fine Bronze Age type is James ("Boss") Agate, who also recalls pretty often the Golden Age, the Arcadian plains, the lowing flocks, the fountains, the shepherds of Crotona piping in a wash of everlasting blue, except for his trousers.

Excuse

TRYING, in pure kindheartedness, to find some explanation for the Royal Academy, a chap was of opinion the other day that it may be the fact that those mandarins don't lead very exciting or inquiring lives that makes their art so dull.

He might have looked at the current Goya exhibition and quoted that genius, whose goings-on we are nevertheless far from approving. The youthful Goya, who became the greatest artist of the eighteenth century, was found one night lying face downwards in a Madrid gutter with a knife-wound in his torso, bleeding freely. Some time later, studying in Rome, he was tried and condemned to death for breaking into a convent, and was only saved by his Ambassador. His explanation in each case was that old familiar one the booksy boys bring up each time they reorganise their harems—he was studying Life for the Sake of His Art. It doesn't by any means follow that this method inspires great art—Dante and Fra Angelico and Manet didn't have to go belling round, after all—but in Goya's case it certainly didn't produce a long string of deathly mediocre landscapes and Highland cattle and plates of fruit and Carbis Bay (sunset) and all the rest of it.

Suggestion

IT isn't necessary for R.A.'s to go romping with toughs in the metropolitan underworld, still less breaking into convents. If



"He says his height is 5 feet 11½ inches, Sir, in his socks!"

they'd just loosen up a bit and leave those damned umbrellas at home it might open up new vistas and inspire something fresh and arresting; say a modestly draped nude standing on a Highland ox and balancing a dish of apples on her nose on the beach at Carbis Bay (sunset).

Hangover

IT'S becoming quite a thing with the Fleet Street boys, after indulging themselves in periodical orgies of rosy optimism, to turn sharply on the patient, booboistic like an angry governess and rap its knuckles for wishful thinking.

Our feeling is that the late Cairo Military Spokesman and Mr. Lozovsky, the Soviet Spokesman, whose skies retain an even glow, should issue a joint manifesto deprecating this very confusing trick.

There's always a golden mean, as the chap who lived in the 50-story skyscraper said when he threw his wife out of a 25th-floor window. Our feeling is that the Fleet Street boys wouldn't feel so cross the morning after if they remembered to tell themselves the night before that whatever they say, it is probably wrong; not completely wrong, for there is always a wee fragrant bud of fact nestling coyly at the heart of every fullblown newspaper story, but wrong enough to make it unfair to slap the citizenry for what is not after all their fault.

It's like being furious with the populace for filling up those "snoop" questionnaires with knowledge of world-affairs derived exclusively from that morning's papers, and on behalf of Our Dumb Chums League we must ask that this cruelty be made to cease.

Or at any rate, give 'em a bit more corn.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Is yer journey really necessary?"



Fast and Loose

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

The full title to this eloquent picture is: "Making Fast to a Mooring-Buoy in Dirty Weather." Mooring-buoys are found in roadsteads, harbour approaches, harbours and sheltered waters; they are securely anchored with one or more heavy cables. Ships having to lay out in the stream invariably make fast to one of the buoys, instead of using their own anchors—a consequent reduction in swinging room. If a tideway or heavy stream is running and the weather is dirty, the job is not an easy one. The ship steams against the stream right up to the buoy, a boat (generally a "Montague Whaler") is lowered, two or three men are put on the buoy, a heavy wire hawser is passed through the buoy ring, or shackle, and the end passed up on board. The ship is hauled in close to the buoy and made fast there by the wire rope. An anchor cable is then lowered, and the men shackle it on to the buoy ring. Finally, the wire rope is let go and hauled up again, and the ship then rides by the anchor cable. In this case, wind and tide have sabotaged the shackling process, and the rude speech of strong men in adversity is borne on the rising breeze



Family Life with the Children in the Country

Lady Anson and Her Children

A small farm and the entire responsibility of the kitchen garden keep Viscountess Anson very busy at her home near Slough. She is the wife of the Earl of Lichfield's elder son and heir, and before her marriage in 1938 was the Hon. Anne Fereclith Bowes-Lyon. She is the eldest daughter of the late Hon. John Herbert Bowes-Lyon, and a niece of the Queen, who is godmother to her small son Patrick, now three years old. Her daughter, Elizabeth Georgina, was born in 1941 and has the King as her godfather. Viscount Anson is in the Grenadier Guards

Photographs by Swaebe

Lady Anson's Home in Buckinghamshire



Whose Ration is This?



An Armful of Rabbits





Chickens and Ducks Form an Orderly Queue for Lunch



A Smile on the Face of Patrick

Georgina and Patrick Anson with Their Mother



A Pair of Sisters

The Daughters of Sir Harold
and Lady Zia Wernher



Miss Georgina Wernher



Miss Myra Wernher

Miss Georgina and Miss Myra Wernher are the two attractive daughters of Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher, of Thorpe, near Market Harborough. Their mother is the elder daughter of the late Grand Duke Michael of Russia and the late Countess Torby, and a sister of the Marchioness of Milford Haven. Georgina Wernher is twenty-three, and has taken up nursing during the war. She was photographed in St. John nursing uniform. Her younger sister, Myra, is seventeen, and has just left school. They have one brother, who is in the 17th/21st Lancers. Lady Zia Wernher is county president of the Red Cross and St. John Ambulance Brigade for Leicestershire, and she runs the St. John Training Centre for First Aid and Home Nursing at Market Harborough. Sir Harold, who at one time commanded a battalion of the Beds. and Herts. Regiment, is a well-known sportsman, and for many years was joint-Master of the Fernie Hunt

*Photographs by
Hay Wrightson*

James Gascoyne-Cecil, Fourth Marquess of Salisbury

In His Hertfordshire Home

Photographs by Pictorial Press



Reading Fills Many Peaceful Hours

The fourth Marquess of Salisbury is now in his eighty-second year. For half a century he has been one of the outstanding figures of public life. Born in 1861, Lord Salisbury succeeded his father, the third Marquess, who was Prime Minister of Britain three times, in 1903. He fought in the Boer War, was Conservative M.P. for Darwen, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Lord Privy Seal, Lord President of the Council and, from 1925 to 1929, Leader of the House of Lords, a post, now filled by his elder son, Viscount Cranborne. As recently as April this year, he was elected President of the Conservative Party. Lord Salisbury married, in 1887, Lady Cicely Alice Gore, the Earl of Arran's sister. They have two sons, Lord Cranborne and Lord David Cecil, and two daughters; the Baroness Harlech and the Duchess of Devonshire

Tapestry Makes an Impressive Background



Famous Documents of State Are in the Library at Hatfield House

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Wigs on the Green

THE gossip is that Mr. Philip Guedalla is very busy on a book, the title of which is *The Two Marshals*. The two officers concerned are Bazaine and Pétain, and knowing the penetrative force of Mr. Guedalla's pen, I should think that Bazaine is going to be the lucky one yet once again, but only because he is dead. He managed to elude the firing-squad after Metz, but I should not think that he will escape being punctured this time, any more than will his brother-Marshal. I am sure that Mr. Guedalla will do his duty.

The author has just told me that he has "finished" Bazaine and is now "setting about" the other hero. I feel that this must be an apt description of things. When the book comes out I am looking forward to meeting such expressions as "Ils ne passeront pas!" and "La France ne mord plus; elle a perdu Sedan!"—the latter as applicable to the Bazaine epoch as it was to that of this other Marshal.

Horses, Hockey, Hemlock

THE affecting account of the last moments of Socrates with which we have been regaled recently, per B.B.C., has caused the superstitious some uneasiness regarding the eventual fate of the *n*th reincarnation of that illustrious Athenian, mainly because of the fact that hemlock begins with the same letter as the other two things of which the reincarnation is known to be so fond. The imaginations of these numerous admirers of the modern philosopher, I think, have been allowed to get the bit between their teeth, but at the same time, if anything could be done to reassure them, it would be a kindly act. I am quite sure, however, of one thing—namely, that the medical profession en bloc has no sinister designs upon Doctor Joad.

A Leger Clash

AS the Jockey Club Cup is run on September 11th and the Leger on September 12th, Afterthought and Shahpoor will be non-starters for either one or other of these races, but as

both owners are doubly represented in the Classic, their colours can be seen out in both. Lord Rosebery has Hyperides and Afterthought in the Leger, and Mr. Allnatt Ujiji and Shahpoor. The general impression which has been conveyed to us by the learned seers is that Hyperides is a good deal better over such a distance as the Leger than Afterthought, and the book suggests that Mr. Allnatt must know that Ujiji is the superior of Shahpoor. It therefore seems to be probable that these two owners will have sorted things out in their minds and definitely decided not to run Afterthought and Shahpoor in the last of the great three-year-old races, but to let them take their chance in the much longer Jockey Club Cup (2½ miles). Mr. Allnatt may perhaps also have Dancing Time upon which he can rely—one of those included in the stud of the late Lord Glanely. Afterthought ran second to Owen Tudor in the Gold Cup (2½ miles) and was signally beaten by three lengths. She was getting 24 lb. and was giving a year in age. Whether this will be considered a good-enough gallop to make her out a possible Jockey Club Cup winner I leave it to everyone to decide for himself. Personally, I doubt. Afterthought was comfortably beaten in the Oaks by Sun Chariot, who must have thrown away about six lengths on the road one way or another, and even then won quite undisturbed by a length. There seems, however, to be no doubt about Afterthought's ability to stay, and, if events between now and September 11th suggest that she has been tried at home good enough to win this Jockey Club Cup, it may be imprudent to let her run loose. We cannot afford to disregard either Mazarin, in spite of his failure in the Gold Cup, or Dancing Time, for they are both first-class, and as to the latter some people were convinced that she ought to have won last year's Leger. They are both long-distance specialists, and, speaking all this time in advance of the event, are about the pick of a very fine basket. Newmarket, I observe, suggests that we should keep our weather eye very wide open where Afterthought is concerned. We have been warned!

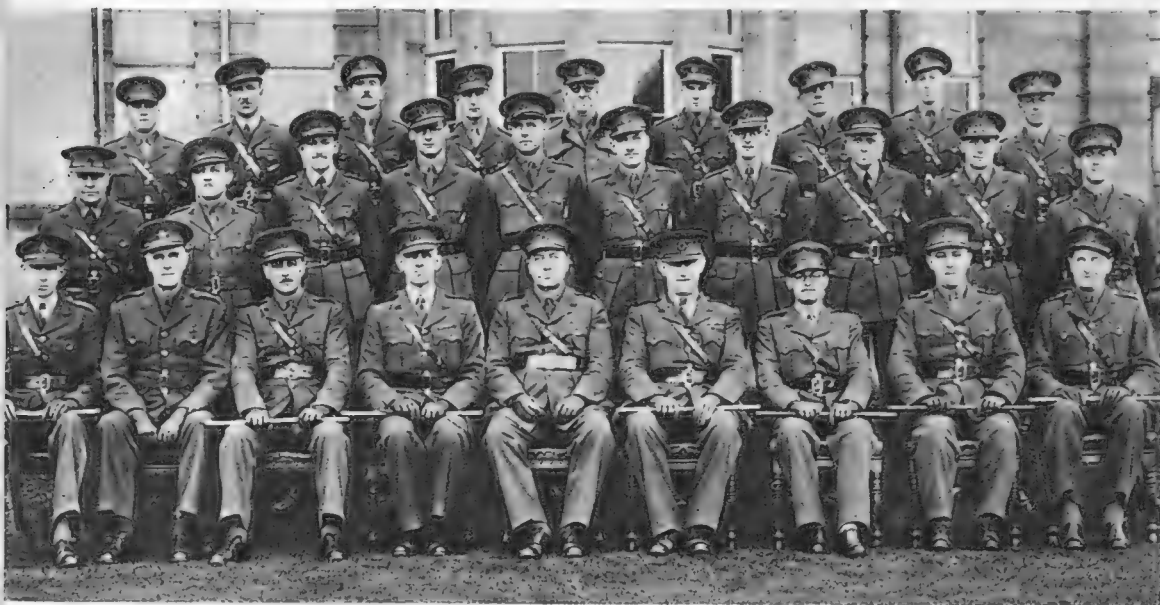


A V.C.'s Wedding

Sq. Ldr. John Nettleton, V.C., the South African hero of the Augsburg raid, married Section Leader Betty Havelock, W.A.A.F., daughter of Captain and Mrs. G. Havelock, of Paignton, Devon, at St. Mary Magdalen's Church, Lincoln

Not Enough

WE have been told by a military expert that Germany has a "hard core" of forty divisions, which presumably she can switch east or west at a moment's notice as the occasion may demand. Forty divisions at war strength means, in round figures, 640,000 fighting men, exclusive of ancillary units. That is a very fair rough calculation. For "hard core" I suggest that we substitute the more technical term, "mass of manœuvre." It is also the more descriptive, and it means that reserve of force which every good general keeps up his sleeve, if he is permitted to do so by his opposite number, so that he can throw its weight into the balance at the moment which he deems to be opportune. Any G.O.C. who can preserve a mass of manœuvre of sufficient strength to tip the scale is, of course, very fortunate. History tells us that these fortunate ones are few and far



Officers of a Signals Battalion Somewhere in Scotland

D. R. Stuart

Front row: Capt. M. H. Beattie, Majors F. J. D. Thompson, C. Ferguson, H. V. G. Bloodworth, the Commanding Officer, Majors A. H. Britton, W. G. F. Bgle, Capt. and Adjutant W. H. Oliver, Capt. D. H. Smith.

Middle row: Capt. F. J. C. Pole, Lieut. F. E. Lockyer, Capt. A. W. Barron, 2nd Lieut. D. S. Simpson, Capt. H. E. H. Clements, 2nd Lieuts. B. S. Burns, G. D. Meiklejohn, D. S. Tod, D. B. Rennie, T. A. Knight.

Back row: Lieuts. E. S. Lafford, H. M. Webster, 2nd Lieut. G. M. Fleming, Capt. P. E. Orton, Lieut. H. Goodwin, 2nd Lieuts. I. Pilkington, G. C. Kelly, J. A. C. Drew, J. G. McColl



Inspection at Eton

The annual inspection of the Eton College Training Corps by Lieut.-Gen. Sir Arthur Smith, G.O.C. the London District, was the last public occasion on which the historic chocolate-coloured uniforms will be worn by members of the Corps. Battle-dress is to replace the present uniforms



At Salisbury Sheep Fair

Lord and Lady Northbrook are seen here watching the judging of the Hampshire Down ram lambs at Salisbury Prize Sheep Fair. Lord Northbrook is himself a farmer in Hampshire, where he lives at Woodlands Farm, Bramdean



Time off with the Family for Captain J. H. Gordon

Swaebe

Captain Harry Gordon was photographed with his wife and three of their four children at their home, the Manor House, Blewbury, Berks. Captain Gordon, who is now in the Army, is a very well-known gentleman rider, and one of his successes in the past was in the United Hunts Cup at Cheltenham, on Tithe Alarm. Besides Jane, Johnny and, Hector, who are in this picture, the Gordons have another son, Edward, away at school

between. A great authority—whom it is quite unnecessary to name, for he is so frequently quoted—has laid it down that one battalion which you keep in reserve may give you the victory. That is, of course, axiomatic. Only the gifted few, however, discern the moment. The strength of any mass of manœuvre is, naturally, relative. For instance, if the possessor is aware that his opponent's is unequal to his own, he may reasonably believe that he is on velvet, especially if that opponent is by force of the changes and chances of war committed to an overseas operation. This, in every circumstance, is bound to be a hazardous operation: it is never an easy one, and usually very costly. We know that without the aid of any military expert. But, as has been said, the advantage of a mass of manœuvre must always remain relative. If your opponent can over-trump you, your own value obviously depreciates. Let us

exaggerate, and believe that Germany has a mass of manœuvre of eighty divisions—that is to say, of about 1,280,000. Is that enough? I venture to suggest that it is not.

The Right Type of M.F.H.

THE late Lord Portman, whose death as the result of an operation came as a most unpleasant shock to all who knew him, was the ideal type of M.F.H., because he was equally enthusiastic about his hounds in kennel and out of it. He made a diligent study of that always interesting pastime, hound-breeding, and he was a good enough horseman to be able to ride right up to them to see the results of what he had done in the kennel. Some Masters there have been who see their hounds only at home, and have to get the evidence of what they do in the field second-hand. Others, again, leave the breeding side to their huntsmen and are only

concerned with cracking along in the wake of the "results." Each one to his taste, but a combination of the two is naturally the consummation most devotedly to be desired. Lord Portman was such a combination, and knowing this, there were many who regretted that his joint-Mastership of the Warwickshire with Mr. Walter Buckmaster was of such short duration (1924-26). The split came because Lord Portman wanted to hunt hounds on two out of the four days and because Warwickshire has always believed in professional talent. He got his way when he went to the Taunton Vale in 1928, for there he hunted them two days a week. It is a curious coincidence that both the joint-Masters in the Warwickshire interlude should have got identically bad falls: Lord Portman being very badly concussed during his Mastership, and Mr. Walter Buckmaster not long after the termination of the partnership.



A Morning Party at South Africa House

Major T. R. Ponsford was the guest of honour at a morning coffee party given a short time ago by Mr. Sydney Waterson, High Commissioner for South Africa, and Mrs. Waterson at South Africa House. Major Ponsford was home on short leave from the Middle East, where he is in charge of the Y.M.C.A. and Toc H institutes with South African forces. He has twenty tea cars and fifteen mobile cinemas with which to entertain the troops. Above he is with Mrs. Waterson, Lord Nuffield and Mr. Waterson



The Cheltenham College Cricket XI, 1942 D. R. Stuart

This season, Cheltenham has beaten Tonbridge and a War Office XI., lost to Shrewsbury, and drawn with Marlborough. Members of the Cheltenham XI., seen above, are: (front row) G. E. Shakeshaft, B. Moxon, D. St. J. Atkinson (captain), G. K. Johnston, J. W. T. Tapp; (back row) M. L. Jackson, M. G. E. Swiney, A. E. Fagg, P. D. Boyd Wallis, G. D. H. Shephard, A. E. Herring, A. E. U. Falconer

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Looking About

CURIOSITY may be "idle"—or it may be very much the reverse. Idle curiosity is no more than a whim: it has no persistent direction; it often and quickly veers. But curiosity of a sterner kind has intellect behind it, and involves strong will. The man or woman who feels it, becomes, in one way or another, a devotee, prepared to use every faculty, to take risks, to make sacrifices to the duty of observation, to be tireless in the interpretation of what he, or she, sees.

Mr. Howard K. Smith, author of *Last Train from Berlin* (Cresset Press; 10s. 6d.), must have been from the start a temperamentally curious person. The world interested him—and he came of a generation for whom interest of this kind had a painful tinge. No thoughtful young American, graduating from college in 1936, could congratulate himself that, in his own country or elsewhere, things were going at all well. The only question was, just how far (to the bad) had things gone, and were all hopes for world peace irretrievably lost? "I was a student," says Mr. Smith. "Officially graduated, but a student in spirit still. I was full of American zeal to see Europe, and College-Graduate zeal to study the same. Europeans make game of both zeals. They say they can always spot an American from a mile away, because he always has a camera, with which to freeze his memories on cardboard, lashed by a leather strap to his shoulder, and carries a guide-book in one hand and a diary in the other. But I think both zeals are good things. Properly applied, they indicate the attitude of the student, of which we could have more. Anyhow, that is the attitude with which I was approaching Germany."

I quote this early passage of Mr. Smith's because it gives a good indication of his mixture of detachment, modesty and definiteness. It was Germany—Nazi Germany—that was to rivet his interest, to focus his stern (as opposed to idle) curiosity. He was a New Orleans man; he had been through the New Orleans University, and he expected to make his living in that town, starting off with a fifteen-dollar-a-week job on a local paper. But he intended to use an interim, and spend the hundred dollars made by the sale of a short story, in seeing something of Germany. His decision was to prove a fateful one—as *Last Train from Berlin* shows. He set off, with the dollars (minus ten spent on a passport) in his pocket, and worked his passage to Bremen on a freighter.

"It was to be a tour at first. But then my friends converted it into a sociological mission. My friends were a little, unofficial fraternity of penniless students who spent part of their student years in the university," and the other part driving trucks and washing dishes to make enough money to get back into the university. We had found

our way together in four years of higher education on the basis of a common interest in World Problems, with capital letters. We studied little, but we read quantities . . . of literature on World Problems. . . . Naturally, Nazi Germany was one of our problems. We filled the atmosphere of many a study-room with pipe-smoke and weighty words, arguing about the new, novel government of Germany, whether it was workable, if it afforded solutions to problems we had in America, whether it necessarily meant war. . . ."

Accordingly, Mr. Smith's first impressions of Germany had the background of many pre-occupations—and also, he held himself bound to render account of everything to the friends waiting for his return at home. In themselves, these 1936 impressions were gay and pleasant enough. Germany (he says) captivated him before he set foot inside it. As the ship crawled up the Elbe from Bremerhaven, one passed "one fancy-tickling miniature town after another, all spotless with rows of toy houses and big, sunny beer-gardens along the river banks." Leaving Bremen for Heidelberg, Mr. Smith was impressed, all along his route, by the friendliness of the people (especially to the American), the layout of the countryside, the amenities offered to the traveller, the air of order, cleanliness and prosperity everywhere—and, exactly all this (Mr. Smith points out) was of inestimable propaganda value to the Nazis. Germany, in fact, could seduce the traveller, not by glamour (which is always a shade suspicious), but by this glowing appearance of decency. . . .



Former Paris Woman Editor to Wed

Mrs. Louise Macy, who was formerly Paris Editor of "Harper's Bazaar," is to wed Mr. Harry Hopkins, President Roosevelt's Special Assistant at the White House, Washington, to-morrow, July 30th. It will be the first wedding to take place at the White House since 1914. Mr. Harry Hopkins is head of the Munitions Assignment Board, and Mr. Roosevelt's closest friend

It was only when the young man had been in the country for some time that he began to feel that things were not as good as they looked. He began to revise his impressions, to check one fact by another, and to react against his early enthusiasm. He then felt a sinister threat behind the sunshine and smiles. He felt high tension. The relentless militarism disturbed him, and, still worse, he became aware that Nazi hypnosis was deteriorating the German friends he had made. Later, in the light of more recent events and knowledge, he saw meanings he had overlooked on his first trip. His analysis of the real state of 1936 Germany, and of the problems that Hitlerism, in that year, was facing, is, consequently, exceedingly interesting.

After Germany, Oxford. And what a contrast! Mr. Smith, having obtained a Rhodes Scholarship, went to Merton College. Oxford—that Oxford so well described in Mr. Richard Hillary's *The Last Enemy*—filled (at least for the first few weeks) the travelled, mature and serious young American with a mixture of amazement, bewilderment and (he admits) scorn. Full of the zeal of young America, fresh from the tension of exalted young Germany, Mr. Smith found the undergraduates childish (to put it mildly) and worse, either indifferent to, or unaware of, the threat to everything Oxford stood for, the freedom, security, and enlightenment of the world. For their parts, the undergraduates seem to have found Mr. Smith's preoccupations either tiresome or extremely funny, and they showed little interest in his German experiences. . . . However, before

(Concluded on page 152)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

IT always makes me angry when a lovely vista is marred by the erection of a house. I know that the owner of that house won't look at the view, except on rare occasions when he is showing his possessions off, after he has lived facing it six months. The only people to admire it will be visitors, and it seems a pity to spoil a lovely landscape just for them.

After a little while, only the house counts. If it is "lovable," the view from its windows is only of minor importance. So long, too, as its garden is not overlooked, it can be surrounded by gasworks! It is only when you go outside your own domain that you begin to admire—or hate. Which perhaps explains somewhat why people fall over each other to live in these new flats, which, architecturally, are so often merely a series of square boxes with connecting doors, the windows of which look over chimney-pots. You wonder how people can ever grow fond of them, until you realise that modern conveniences and domestic gadgets soon outweigh the most depressing environment.

When, to take my own example, the expanse of low-lying hills was suddenly buried beneath a housing estate, I thought I should pack up and go on the morrow. But I didn't. I realised on analysis that I very seldom sat and looked at the view. I really hadn't time. In the meanwhile, sorry memories of living amid beauty, but having to obtain every drop of water from a pump, postponed any except a dream-fancy to quit. The Council housing estate is, of course, frightful as an alternative to even comparative beauty, so I

simply do not look at it. The wide expanse still exists, and it is wonderful how you can deck out in fancy the restfulness of long distances if only your inner-eye is clear enough to conjure up remembered visions.

My next-door neighbour, however, is lucky, in that he is intensely interested in the utilitarian aspect of housing estates. He sits on his balcony and gazes enthralled as additional "Wee Nooks" and "Kum-u-ins" raise their salmon-coloured roofs. He would not understand me, therefore, if I tried to explain to him why, in looking at them, I try not to see them! Yet, in the quiet of the early evening, they literally vanish. In their place I see a lovely corner of the Wye Valley, or a lonely Cornish cove surrounded by haunted cliffs, or a tiny village in Shropshire, hidden among the verdant hills where I spent one sunny afternoon long, long ago; or, if the clouds are banking themselves up on the horizon, Mont Blanc as seen from Chamonix.

There is, indeed, scarcely a well-beloved vista one cannot resurrect in imagination—provided actual human beings do not interrupt memory's vision. Indeed, they are often our sole refuge in the present crisis of human affairs. There may have been snags to our enjoyment at the time, but they are now forgotten. And so long as we live, nothing, not even the horror of yet another war, can take them away from us. It is strange what a lot we demand when young, and how easily satisfied we become as we grow older—always provided other people cease from bothering!

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Goodman — Tallack

F.O. Godfrey William Goodman, R.A.F.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Goodman, of Brockley, S.E., and Wokingham, Surrey, and Rhona Joyce Tallack, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. C. Tallack, of Chislehurst, Kent, were married at St. Nicholas Church, Chislehurst



Douglas — Somers Rivers

Captain Peter F. S. Douglas, D.S.O., Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, son of the Hon. Roderick and Mrs. Douglas, of Dalmahoy, Midlothian, and Ursula Somers Rivers, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Somers Rivers, of Sawbridge-worth, Herts., were married quietly on June 6th



Pennant — Lloyd

Lieut. David Theodore Pennant, R.A., elder son of Dr. and Mrs. D. H. Pennant, of Saundersfoot, Pembrokeshire, and Naomi Margaret Lloyd, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. R. W. M. Lloyd, of Plymouth, were married at The Cathedral Church of St. Woolos, Newport, Mon.



Ainslie — Hickman

Dr. John A. Ainslie, only child of the late Captain J. A. Ainslie, and Mrs. Ainslie, of Knotty Green, Bucks., married Ursula Mary Hickman, only child of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. H. Hickman, of Inchmery Road, S.E., at the Savoy Chapel



Kellock — Pollard-Lowsley

Thomas Donald Kellock, M.B., son of the late T. H. Kellock, and Mrs. Nuttall, of Langport, Somerset, married Anne Pamela Pollard-Lowsley, daughter of the late Colonel H. Pollard-Lowsley, and Mrs. Pollard-Lowsley, of 4, Ashburn Place, S.W., at Holy Trinity, Marylebone



Campbell-Gray — Cavendish

Major the Hon. Ian Campbell-Gray, R.E., younger son of Mr. H. T. Campbell-Gray and Baroness Gray, married Mrs. Diana Cavendish, daughter of Lord Richard Cavendish, and of the late Lady Moyra Cavendish, at Chelsea Register Office



Maling — Vernon

Peter Bromley Maling, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Maling, of Christchurch, New Zealand, married Camilla Venables Vernon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Vernon, of Lawn House, Hampstead Square, at Hampstead Parish Church



Constable — Gehlcken

Lieut. Douglas Hugh Constable, The Border Regiment, only son of the late D. de la C. Constable, and Mrs. Constable, of Birchington, Kent, and Patricia Maud Gehlcken, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Gehlcken, of Greenwood House, Hadley Wood, were married at Christchurch, Cockfosters



Rook — Knott

Dr. Arthur J. Rook, only son of Sir William Rook and the late Millicent Rook, of Parkside, Wimbledon, married Frances Jane Elizabeth Knott, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. F. Knott, of Southside, Wimbledon Common, at St. Mary's, Wimbledon

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 138)

Arrivals and Departures

AMONG interesting people staying at the May Fair lately were Lady Carlisle, specially noticeable at the moment for her splendid work in the A.T.S., and Squadron Leader Nettleton, V.C., who has just married Miss Betty Havelock, a Section Leader in the W.A.A.F., at Lincoln. Others included Mr. John Frame Thompson, Miss Bettie Greenish, who has a flourishing farm in Hampshire; Sir Thomas Cooke, with a large party; the usual representatives of the Allies, including some Norwegians and very good-looking Canadians; M. Pierre Marie de Saint Mart, until lately Governor-General of Uvangi Shari, one of the darkest spots in Darkest Africa; Lady Milford-Haven and her daughter Tatiana; and Lord Tennyson, jolly and Falstaffian. Sir Harry Brittain was in London, dealing with his multitude of duties. He has had a small house in Hampshire, since his London one was bombed, and Lady Brittain, who has the attractive christian name of Alida (also the name of her mother, grandmother and daughter), is down there now. She has not been well lately, but with characteristic energy and resourcefulness has been making clothes for village children, using all sorts of odds and ends. She is exceptionally capable, speaks four languages fluently and is a first-class harpist. Mr. and Mrs. Pat Gamble spent a few days in London on their way to visit his mother in Devonshire. His late father was Dean of Exeter, and his very pretty wife was Miss Hilary White. He works in London. Mr. Cecil Beaton is back in London from Cairo, where he took some interesting war photographs; and Mrs. Pleydell Bouverie has left for the annual convention of the Red Cross in Canada, where she proposes to stay a few weeks.

Familiar Faces Reflected

AS I sat at the Lansdowne, now high on the list of popular places to dine, I saw the following well-known faces reflected in the long mirrors facing me: Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Fitzgerald, Mrs. Pat Smiley, and the once ubiquitous "Babe" Barnato, seen more rarely now he is in the R.A.F. The Angleseys were out en famille. Lady Anglesey comes to London from her home in Wales about once a month to see her lovely daughters, Lady Caroline and Lady Rose. Lord and Lady Tavistock were enjoying a gay evening, so were Lord Edward Fitzmaurice, Miss Ghislaine Dresselhuys and Miss Belinda Blew-Jones, who was to have been married to Mr. John Wiggin, but he was suddenly whisked abroad. Other people dining out were Mrs. Hinton and her son, Mr. Michael Pitt Rivers, who is in the Blues; Mr. Rex Harrison, on leave; Miss Lilli Palmer, Mr. Jack Hulbert, Miss Cicely Courtneidge, Mr. Ian Lubbock and Miss Leueen MacGrath.

Nursing Fête in Wales

THE annual fête in aid of the Merthyr District Nursing Association was held at Thomastown Park. The committee consisted of Mrs. Illtyd Rees (chairman), Mr. J. Lewis (treasurer) and Mrs. R. Gruffyd (secretary).

Mr. Griffith Llewellyn opened the fête, and was introduced by the Mayor, Alderman Sam Jennings, J.P., who spoke of the great work being done by the Nursing Association; also of Mr. Griffith Llewellyn's good work and consistent friendship to Merthyr.

Mrs. Llewellyn was with her husband, and after his opening speech, little Pamela Cowie presented them with a pink buttonhole each, and the same to the Mayor and Mayoress.



Open-air Market in a London Square

The Ladies' Executive Committee of the Red Cross and St. John War Organisation recently organised an open-air market in Belgrave Square. Gifts included three beautifully dressed dolls from America. The stocking stall, where pure silk could be bought, was one of the busiest. Helpers above include Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Mrs. Grahame Johnstone (Miss Doris Zinkeisen, the artist), Mrs. Simon Marks and, extreme right, Lady Kennedy

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 150)

the end of his first term things had mellowed; he liked Oxford, Oxford liked him. Mutual good understanding overcame prejudice. Mr. Smith, in his summing-up, writes of Oxford as kindly (though as clear-sightedly) as he writes of England in general.

Amateur and Professional

ALL this early part of *Last Train from Berlin* is, really, a prologue to the main part of the book—Mr. Smith's experiences as an American radio reporter in Berlin during this present war. From being an amateur (though already gifted) observer, he was to become a professional one. Wartime Nazi Germany drew him as irresistibly as (officially) peacetime Nazi Germany had done, and, having worked for the first few months of the war in London, he requested to be sent to Berlin. His qualifications were evident, and he went. The transition from London at war to Berlin at war, and the quite startling contrast between the two atmospheres, is very vividly described. Early in 1940 Berlin ran like clockwork: years of war-preparation showed their effect. Physically, the people were far from uncomfortable, and almost no shortages were as yet felt. But their nerves were already bad, and their morale low.

Mr. Smith emphasises (as Mr. Shirer emphasised in his *Berlin Diary*) the extreme dread of war felt by the ordinary German citizen. If the Munich crisis upset the English, it prostrated, apparently, many sensitive Germans, and in the year between Munich and September 1939 these people continued to cling to the very faintest peace hopes. Once war was declared, the main Berlin wish was that it should be speedily over, and the successive German campaigns, however victorious, merely made people groan because these must prolong the war.

Mr. Smith, as one of the American corps of newspaper and radio reporters, was in a position to see, and give full account of, the immense bid made by the Nazis, up to the summer of 1941, for American good opinion. There was a great parade of "frankness"; the reporters were offered (literally) gilded halls to work in; double rations were granted; there was an atmosphere, at least, on the German-side, of almost overpowering bonhomie. . . . What a change in the autumn of 1941, when Mr. Smith's office was raided, at midnight, his papers overhauled and his person threatened by an armed and rubber-shod Gestapo bully squad! In fact, as an American, Mr. Smith outstayed his welcome in Berlin. As his narrative proceeds, its interest heightens and heightens, for he was the last American (hence his book's title) to leave Berlin before Pearl Harbour and the declaration of war. He thus carries on steadily from the point at which Mr. Shirer's *Berlin Diary* had to end. He has concentrated on the Berlin (and the Germany) of the months that followed the invasion of Russia. He is concerned (as he points out) not with what Germany did to Russia, but with what Russia had done to Germany. For it was from June 1941 that, for the German civilian as well as the German Army, the really grim and frightening phase of the war set in. His descriptions of Berlin in those months are fascinating; he knows how to make every detail tell. The shut shops, the empty and dusty big buildings, the silences, the bars with nothing but bottles of coloured water, the restaurants each serving one greasy dish, the underground railways choked with cross, nervous, pallid and puffy people—here are pictures that inspire awe, if not pity. . . . Behind the pictures there is a serious and provocative line of reasoning. Mr. Smith could not be more thoughtful or better informed. *Last Train from Berlin* should not fail to command readers: it has a very solid intellectual worth.

Love and Fear

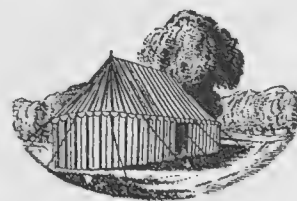
MISS JANE OLIVER'S *The Hour of the Angel* (Collins; 8s. 6d.) is an ambitious novel—ambitious because it takes for its theme at once the happiness and the tragedy of lovers to-day. If such a novel were badly, falsely, facetiously or sentimentally written, it could offend one and grate on one very much. But Miss Oliver's art is at once sensitive and severe; her writing gains in power through its restraint. She has also, and has made the backbone of this novel, a metaphysic—an idea (so far as I can express it) of an ever-present eternity, in which the slightest action or happening has its place. For her, and for the lovers in *The Hour of the Angel*, this idea of time appears to be a sort of religion. Those who have suffered may well find this novel comforting, and those who have not yet suffered may be helped by it to understand those who have.

Superficially, the plot of *The Hour of the Angel* is quite straightforward. Robert, the son of a well-to-do Regent's Park family, loves Moira: she loves him. His family are against the marriage for worldly reasons; Robert fears to marry because of the threat of war, his poverty (he has deserted his father's business for the R.A.F.) and a general sense of depression as to the little he has to offer Moira. They do, however, marry. Their love is wholly idyllic; their tragedy is that they can so seldom meet. Robert's mother persists in her unkind attitude. One has the feeling that war (for war was declared a short time after their marriage) and all that is least good in human nature are conspiring against the perfection of the relationship. Then, Robert is killed flying; Moira is left to fight a battle alone. This might appear to be sheer tragedy—but it is not. Throughout, the lovers have been advised and sustained by their older friend, Michael Ludvin, a Polish scientist who is at the same time a mystic. From Ludvin comes the faith that Robert has glimpsed, and by which Moira finds she can continue to live. Does she live? The climax, the end of the book is an air raid; we leave Moira pinned under a fallen beam. But above her rescuers are at work. And Ludvin has already rescued her soul.



Come early
stay late . . .

The morning sun, even so early in the day, lies hot on the wooden door that once led the way to the air-raid shelter . . . From over the old stone wall comes the busy sound of bees, and further off, from clustered, ancient elms, the contented coo-coo of a wood pigeon . . . Lovely weather for the Fête—on August Bank Holiday, 1941! There will be bands and fireworks . . . beauty competitions and a flower show . . . The scent of sweet-peas will mingle with the scent of tobacco smoke and trampled grass . . . Children will roll happily on the green . . . For peace is here again and the world can laugh once more. And among the cars and motor-cycles in the car-park there are new Standard cars—built for the roads of the post-war world . . .



The Standard Motor Company Limited, Coventry

BURBERRY EQUIPMENT



There is a definable expression of comfort and smartness in Burberry tailored equipment for officers of the women's auxiliary forces. They indicate a consistency of craftsmanship, individuality of exactness, a product of durability—with complete healthful freedom of action in all weathers. Burberry A.T.S. Weatherproofs, Greatcoats and Uniforms. In best quality materials, skilfully tailored, they are the embodiment of martial clothes perfection and weather security in any climate.

FULL DETAILS—Send for full particulars and prices—
and please mention the Service in which you are interested

Telegrams: Burberry, Lesquare, London
Telephone: Whitehall 3343.

BURBERRYS LTD. HAYMARKET LONDON SW1

Branches at Aldershot, Basingstoke, Shrivenham, Llandrindod Wells

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Recognition

THERE is the recognition of aircraft and there is the recognition of aircraft crews, and of these two activities the second receives far less attention than the first. It is hampered by the traditional sahib sensitiveness to seeing the name of a real person in print. The English law of libel is really based on the national view that nobody should be named in the newspapers except within a formal pattern of words. It was A. B. Walkeley, I think, who pointed out that, when the Queen tasted the soup on her visit to some communal organisation, she invariably "pronounced it excellent." No other form of words is permissible. Similarly, the mention of any person by name brings with it the requirement for the appropriate formal pattern of words and comment becomes drastically restricted. Probably this custom has been partly responsible for a certain niggardliness in our naming of air-crew members. A few "aces" are named, but only a few. It seems to me that all good deeds should be recognised by the public mention of the names of the leaders. There is no compulsion upon the newspapers to print them; but if they are ready to do so, as they often are, I do not see why they should not have the opportunity.

Bomber Command

I AM always arguing that the members of Bomber Command do not get sufficient recognition. The conferring of decorations is not enough, for, to earn a decoration in Bomber Command, a man must not only be courageous and skilful in a high degree, but he must also have a large measure of good luck.

When I was engaged in air fighting, all pilots in the squadron agreed that the bomber captains and crews deserved more recognition than they received. And I think that is so to-day and that members of Fighter Command would be the first to urge that every possible means be used to give the bomber crews their due. More than once I have proposed a special bomber decoration to be granted automatically when a person had completed a set number of successful sorties. But this idea has not received official support—or, at any rate, not yet. Until there is such a decoration there is need for giving the individuals of the bomber units more public recognition by naming them.

Lancaster High Light

AS we learn more about the behaviour of the Avro Lancaster on operations, so we learn to admire it more. This is one of the great aircraft designs of the war. It looks to me as if it will take its place alongside the Spitfire as a work of genius in its own class.

And like the Spitfire, the Lancaster looks good. That Member of Parliament—if memory serves, it was Mr. Ellis Smith—who suggested that workpeople engaged on making components and accessories for the Lancaster should be given a chance to see the machine in its completed state, was right. A sight of the Lancaster is a tonic to tired minds and tired hands. Nobody has ever discovered what makes an aeroplane look good; but it is established and known to all pilots that very few aeroplanes that have looked good have ever proved less than good in their behaviour in the air. Probably the big wing span (for gross weight) of the Lancaster and the liquid-cooled engines help to give that impression of harmonious proportions that first strikes the eye. We shall see if the Lancaster with the air-cooled radials will look as good. It may do, for the technique of cowling in air-cooled engines has been vastly improved and they no longer look like giant mechanical chrysanthemums stuck on the aircraft.

Technical Progress

THERE occurred, during the debate on production in the House of Commons in mid-July, some curious comments on technical progress. One was that about the time of the air battles over Britain all technical development was stopped. This is a fantastic and entirely false idea that some politicians seem to have got into their heads. Actually, technical development was continued at this time, and all that happened was that rather more emphasis was placed for the time being on production. Fortunately, Colonel Llewellyn was able to clear up this point. It was absolutely right to turn on the production tap to the fullest extent when the existence of Britain depended on sufficient numbers of machines being available in time.

The time factor had to be considered. And the interval was obviously so short that technical development designed to give us a lead over the enemy in 1943 or 1944 simply did not matter for the moment.

New Fighter

COLONEL LLEWELLYN mentioned new British fighters that were coming into service. Some thought he meant a new mark Spitfire; but as he specifically called them "new," most interpreted his remarks as referring to the Typhoon. Now here is an aeroplane, curiously enough, which owes its present advanced stage of development to a decision made around the time of the air battles over Britain. The engine was then at an interim period of development and the decision had to be taken whether to continue working on it or not. That decision was made at this critical period. And whatever the fate of the engine in operational duties, it will always remain true that that was a bold and far-sighted move. It just does not match up with the insinuation that technical development was all stopped at this time.

See its sparkling clearness
as it bubbles in your glass.
Take a deep draught. How
clean and crisp it is on the
tongue. Could you have
believed that water could
taste so satisfying?

Schweppes

MALVERN SPA

*Just as delightful
blended with spirits*





Now that autumn is rapidly approaching women are thinking of simple indoor frocks that they can slip on at the end of a strenuous day. Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, are making a feature of the same in the House Frock department. To them must be given the credit of the one above which is carried out in a soft material showing a two-tone effect. Of course, the sash may be arranged in many ways—the pockets are capacious and useful. Furthermore they are specialising in simple warm dressing-gowns in cheerful colours. Hard wearing pyjamas, also nightdresses, are here to be seen. Lace wool dressing-gowns and wrappers are well represented

The Highway of Fashion

by M. E. Brooke

Women in general are rather vague regarding austerity tailor-mades, hence Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford Street, have contributed to this page the Cumberland tweed model on the right, which is absolutely correct and in accordance with the Board of Trade Regulations. The coat is arranged with two pockets cut on the cross, four buttons and neat set-in sleeves and high lapels. The pleats on the skirt are worthy of study. At the moment the austerity suits are ready-to-wear but later they will be made to order. It must be related that this firm is very successful with suits for the older woman as well as for those of generous proportions. A visit should be paid to these salons as soon as possible



It is a matter for congratulation that the Gala preparations, although they perform excellent work where the care of the skin is concerned, are very economical. The cream itself cleanses and nourishes the skin and may also be used as a powder base: it is a soft, fluffy, vegetable lubricant. Powder, of course, is necessary and should be acquired in the special non-spill box. Again there is the lipstick which may be used as a rouge; this is really an economy and ensures perfect colour harmony





Brevitts latest

in "Winged Buoyancy"

Walk on air with complete ease and relaxation in the new Brevitt "Bouncer."

The moulded arch, combined with the scientific construction, is the Brevitt challenge to wartime weariness.

This particular model may be obtained from Harrods, London, and Kendall Milne, Manchester. We will be delighted to send you a list of other Brevitt Stockists.



- Exclusive finely tucked Jumper Suit, non-austerity in style. Tailored in very fine wool. An economical garment for the well-dressed woman. Collar and cuffs are of silk pique. In navy, pillar box red, and black. Fourteen coupons; priced at sixteen guineas.

(Knitwear Department—Ground Floor)
The smart tucked felt Beret trimmed two bows on crown, five and a half guineas.

From
MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
Oxford Street, London, W.1.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

Two women who had not seen each other for years recently met in the street.

"I'm so delighted to see you again. Why, you've scarcely altered."

"And how little changed you are! Why, how long is it since we met?"

"I should say at least five years."

"And why have you never been to see me?"

"Oh, my dear, just look at the weather we've been having."

ABSENT from parade—anything to say?" asked the commanding officer.

"Yessir, one of my mules kicked the quartermaster, an' I 'ad to fix it, sir."

"Fix it?"

"Yessir—the mule's 'oof, sir."

AT one golf course there had been some talk of standardising tips to caddies, and one day the secretary explained his ideas to a group of members.

"We feel," he said, "that a caddie should not receive a tip of more than one shilling and sixpence per round. You'll all agree that's reasonable."

They did agree, all except one Scotsman, who, looking up with an expression of innocence, said:

"Excuse me, Mr. Secretary, but what is a tip?"

THE "hot gospeller" was working himself to a great pitch of excitement at the village hall meeting, but the audience did not seem unduly impressed. Presently he used the phrase: "There will be weeping and gnashing of teeth," whereupon an old lady in the front row muttered:

"Well, let them gnash them, them that 'as them."

To which came back the solemn reply:

"My friend, teeth will be provided."

Two ladies met in the street.

"Oh, I meant to ask you, dear," said the first, "did you adopt my suggestion about curing your husband of walking in his sleep by putting a tub of water by the side of his bed?"

"Yes," replied the second, somewhat grimly, "and it also cured me of putting a tub of water by the side of his bed."

THE chief constable of a small town was also an expert veterinary surgeon. One night the telephone rang. The chief constable's wife answered.

"Is that Mr. Jenkins?" asked an agitated voice.

"Do you want my husband in his capacity as veterinary surgeon or as chief constable?"

"Both, madam," came the reply. "We can't get our bulldog to open his mouth, and there's a burglar in it."

WITH a terrific crash, the motor car shot headlong into the hole in the road.

"Here you!" yelled the watchman, "didn't you see that notice saying the road was closed?"

"I did," replied the motorist, as he started to climb out of the crater, "but I found it wide open."



"Er—where can I wash?"

"Blimey! All over, if you like"

"Yes."

"And then what happened?"

"I fell flat on the ground."

Two old men in wheel chairs on the porch of an hotel got into conversation.

"What's your trouble?" asked one.

"Can't walk. Got rheumatism," replied the other. "Tried everything for it, but nothing helps."

"Then let me tell you about the wonderful Recluse of Waste Mountain," the first said. "I couldn't find a cure for rheumatism either, until five years ago I heard about this fellow. . . . I fitted out a safari and crossed the Gobi Desert. Had myself carried up to the baldest peak you ever saw. Here was this hermit, all hair and eyes, and he took one look at me and yelled:

"You are cured! Throw away your left crutch!"

"You didn't do it, did you?"

"I threw it on the ground. Then the hermit pointed at me again and yelled: 'Now throw away your right crutch!'"

"Did you do it?"

Every Day In Every Way
Salvage Needs Grow Greater
Paper Must Not Be Wasted



Celaneses

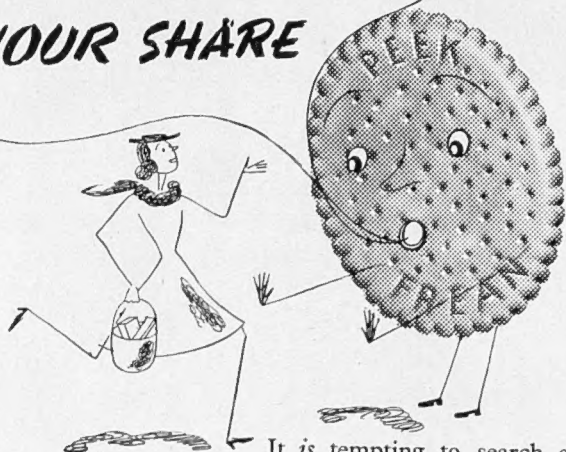
TRADE MARK

makes your
Coupons go further!

For all her conviction that she must buy the 'Practical', today a woman desires Beauty as strongly as ever. That's why she will search counters for Lingerie in 'Celaneses', though she may not find it in the first shop she visits. For she knows the Beauty of 'Celaneses' Fabrics is a lasting Beauty, born of fine Quality—so far unchanged by the conditions of today.



I AM RATHER
RARE—ONLY ASK
YOUR SHARE



It is tempting to search everywhere for Peek Frean's—to enjoy that unvarying quality for which these biscuits are famous. But please don't do it. Trust your regular dealer, who will consider you all the more if you are patient and understand his many difficulties.

Peek Frean's

BRITAIN'S CRISPEST BISCUITS

THE TAO CLINIC SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Permanently destroyed by advanced Electrolysis. 75 hairs destroyed for 10/6, a 20-minute sitting. Each treatment singly. No scarring. Practically painless. Moles and warts successfully removed. Medically approved. Consultations free by appointment, when a frank and honest diagnosis of each case will be given.

Appointments accepted
for Saturday afternoons.

Phone - - - KEN 9055

175 KNIGHTSBRIDGE

What better choice than a

MILLSON
Baby Carriage



MILLSONS LIMITED

Makers of The Millson Baby Carriage
30 Wigmore St., W.1 Tel. Welbeck 4117

*It is not with saying, Honey,
Honey, that sweetness comes
into the mouth, says a Turkish
proverb . . . Anyone could
put a fruit-drink label on a
bottle—but that does not
make it Kia-Ora.*



Lemon • Orange • Grapefruit
Lime Juice Cordial 2/6
Orange Barley, Lemon Barley 2/3



Lips
with a Dress Sense

... lips with a purpose in life—
coupon-free accessories of your coupon ward-robe
... harmonious, glowingly warm, long-lasting . . .
with GALA. Not always easy to find is GALA, but
how worth the seeking. Buy GALA wherever you
can and add that touch of poise and preparedness
for to-day . . . that touch of brightness and hope
for to-morrow.



Gala Lipstick 4/6. Refills (fit almost any case), 2/6. Also Gala
Facial Cream and New size Powder, 4/6 each.

THE *Liveliest* LIPSTICK IN TOWN



L'ECU DE FRANCE

New Charges

Dinner 5/- plus 5/- Authorised House Charge

Lunch 5/- plus 3/6 " " "

111 JERMYN STREET, S.W.1

TEL. WHITEHALL 2837

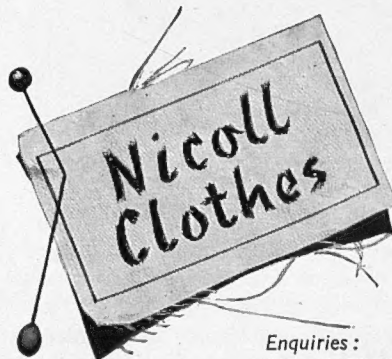


Aristile (LISLE) AND *Raystoc* (RAYON)

CREATED TO MEET
WAR-TIME CONDITIONS BY

Aristoc

The Aristocrats of fully-fashioned Stockings



Enquiries:
Nicoll Clothes,
Middlesex House,
Cleveland Street, W.1.

Agents in West End:

NICOLLS of REGENT STREET

120 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

TEL.: REGent 1951



JACQMAR

allow

10% Discount

off all

TWEEDS, SILKS, LACES

and SCARVES

during July

JACQMAR

16 GROSVENOR STREET, W.1

BAGATELLE

Tele: GRO 1128, 1268 & 3268
MAYFAIR PLACE, W.1 (Berkeley St.)

MAYFAIR'S LOVELIEST RESTAURANT

LUNCHEONS DINNERS SUPPERS

ED. ROS' RUMBA BAND & J. HAMILTON'S SWING MUSIC

NEW FLOOR SHOW "Beauty in Distress"

with **AL BURNETT**

Rosalie Hillan

Christiane Padley

Constance Hungate

Tina Robinson

April Stride

Diana Decker

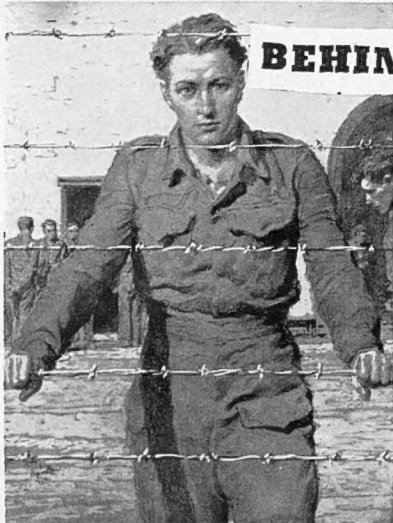
NO
CROSS WORDS

AERTEX

UNDERWEAR

ALWAYS PLEASES!

BEHIND BARBED WIRE



No words can describe the lot of our men who are Prisoners of War. Many will soon be entering their THIRD YEAR of captivity. Faced with vast new problems, we beg readers of THE TATLER not to forget these men at this time of their greatest need. Please complete and post the form below, sending what you can—£5 will send regular parcels and cigarettes for a year. £50 will send regular parcels and cigarettes for a year to 10 prisoners.

To Miss Christine Knowles, O.B.E., Hon. Director,
and Lord Aberdare, Chairman.

**BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR
BOOKS AND GAMES FUND**

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)
Carrington House, Hertford St., London, W.1.

I enclose £ : : to help our men who are
Prisoners of War.

NAME

ADDRESS

NOTE: Owing to Censorship regulations we cannot
accept gifts in kind



The symbol of
Guaranteed Quality

*Tango
Hats*



OBTAINABLE FROM ALL LEADING MILLINERS

'SANATOGEN'

REGD. TRADE MARK
NERVE-TONIC
FOOD

We are sorry to disappoint you, but the vital needs of the country *must* come first, and the materials which go to the making of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food and 'Genasprin' are now needed for other and more urgent purposes. Please remember this when you have difficulty in obtaining 'Sanatogen' and 'Genasprin'.

'Genasprin'

REGD. TRADE MARK
KILLS PAIN QUICKLY—
TIME IT!

TORBAY HOTEL

TORQUAY

Tel.: 2218 Telegrams: Torbay, Torquay

100 BEDROOMS

SPECIAL TERMS
FOR H.M. SERVICES

WRITE FOR TARIFF T



3d. each

including Purchase Tax

—their efficient service is unbeatable. The clean, comfortable shaving of Eclipse Blades (now in the popular slotted pattern) amply repays the persistence needed to obtain them, while supplies are limited.

Obtainable only from Retailers

JAMES NEILL & CO. (SHEFFIELD) LTD.



"Waukeezi"

WHENEVER YOU WALK!

An entirely new "high water mark" in scientific fitting and walking comfort has been set in the newest "Waukeezi" shoes for men. Built on remarkable new American lasts based on the most recent American and Canadian practice and standardized to British measurements, giving the *same proper fit and extreme comfort* as Service men are enjoying in Service footwear, these shoes provide a revelation in walking ease and style never before experienced. See them at good shoe shops.

"Waukeezi"

QUALITY SHOES FOR MEN

37/6 to 50/-

The Waukeezi Shoe Co. Ltd., Phoenix Works, 4 St. George's Street, Northampton.



GRIGOR for
VIGOR

Traditional quality
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY
in original OLD FASHIONED
FLASK

Unsurpassed in quality although
restricted in distribution by scarcity
of old stocks.

WILLIAM GRIGOR & SON
INVERNESS

ASK YOUR CHEMIST
FOR BOOKLET



"HYGIENE FOR WOMEN"
BY NURSE DREW

RENDELLS

PRODUCTS

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

APPROVED BY DOCTORS

Women who value their smiles use a Tek



WHY?

A bright smile is a sign of a toothbrush that does its job. It's a sign of a Tek, in fact. Because the makers of Tek experimented until they found the one perfect shape that would thoroughly clean your teeth and reach every crack and crevice. 92 dentists out of every 100 consulted said that Tek was the most efficient toothbrush ever made. So if you value your smile, get a Tek —you'll like it!

Tek 2/-

MADE IN ENGLAND
Plus Purchase Tax

BRISTLE or NYLON

Made and guaranteed by
JOHNSON AND JOHNSON (Gr. Britain) Ltd.,
Slough & Gargrave

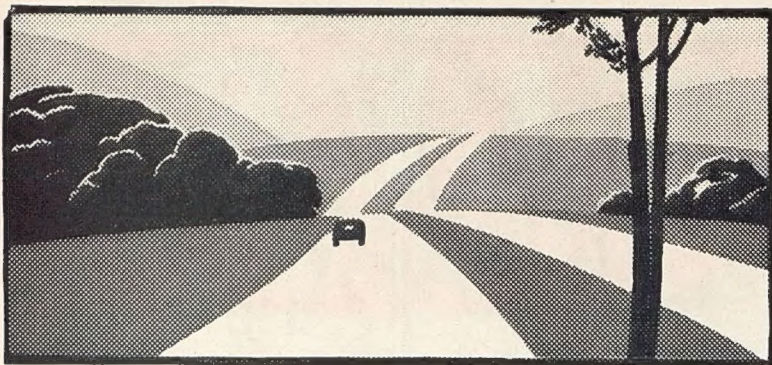


Index of Sizes
clearly marked on stem

Under present conditions it is impossible to meet all demands and users of Barling Pipes should, therefore, take great care of their present ones. When obtainable prices are:

Standard and Sandblast	S.S.	S-M.	L.	E.L.
	10/6	13/6	16/6	20/-
Ye Olde Wood	S.S.	S-M.	L.	E.L.
	15/6	18/6	21/6	25/-
Selected Grains	S.S.	S-M.	L.	E.L.
	15/6	18/6	21/6	25/-

B. BARLING & SONS, LONDON, N.W.1 (Est. 1812)
"Makers of the World's Finest Pipes"



YOU MIGHT CALL THIS "A GOODYEAR HIGHWAY"

It's a true, fine road—sweeping over the downs and through the valleys—bearing its unending flow of transport, heavy and light, fast and slow... playing its part in times when movement of men and goods is of vital importance.

The successful pioneering and introduction of pneumatic tyres for commercial vehicles by Goodyear did much to make the modern highway possible.

Today, with motor transport running on pneumatics, that early pioneering by Goodyear can be thanked... for lighter, faster vehicles with far greater carrying capacity... for enormous savings in metal, petrol, time and road maintenance. Today, wherever better roads are serving the people, anywhere in the world, it can truly be said that Goodyear did much to make them possible.

Another

GOOD YEAR

contribution to Progress

Burlingtons are
the perfect
alternative
to imported
Havanas



Guaranteed
made and
rolled from
the finest
imported Havana
and other world
famous cigar leaf

BURLINGTON
Cigars

Half-Coronas: 1/-

Petit Coronas: 1/4

Coronas: 1/8

Obtainable from all high-class dealers and stores.

BURLINGTON CIGARS, 173, NEW BOND STREET, W.1

Uniform Supremacy



*It is right and just that
British officers should wear the best-tailored
uniforms in the world. Our job is to see
that the standard never falls.*

AUSTIN REED

103-113 REGENT STREET, W.1.

77 CHEAPSIDE • 13 FENCHURCH STREET • 135 VICTORIA STREET

Bath, Belfast, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Harrogate, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Norwich, Nottingham, Oxford, Sheffield, Southampton. Also at Aldershot, Amesbury, Barmouth, Bothwell, Coventry, Dunbar, Grantham, Hove, Llandrindod Wells, Llandudno, Plymouth, Richmond (Yorks), Shrivenham. London Telephone: Regent 6789.